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Original Poetry.

THE LOST HEART.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

One golden Summer day,
Along the forest-way
Young Colin passed with blithesome steps alert.

His locks with careless grace
Rimmed round his handsome face,
And drifted outward on the airy surge.

So blithe of heart was he,
He hummed a melody,
And all the birds were hushed to hear him sing.

Across his shoulders flung,
His bow and baldric hung:
So, in true huntsman's guise, he threads the wood.

The sun mounts up the sky,
The air moves sluggishly,
And reeks with Summer-heat in every pore.

His limbs begin to tire,
Slumbers his youthful fire,
He sinks upon a violet-bed to rest.

The soft winds go and come,
With mild susurrous hum,
And ope for him the ivory gate of dreams.

Beneath the forest-shade,
There trips a woodland-maid
And marks with startled eye the sleeping youth.

At first she thought to fly,
Then timid, drawing nigh,
She gazed in wonder on his fair young face.

Now swiftly stooping down,
Upon his locks so brown
She lightly pressed her lips, and blushing fled.

When Colin woke from sleep,
From slumber calm and deep,
He felt—he knew not how—his heart had flown.

And so with anxious care
He wandered here and there,
But could not find his lost heart anywhere.

[illegible] with air distraught,
And brow of anxious thought,

Might [illegible] a leg[illegible]nt out into the world beyond the wood.
And who'd make a [illegible]
[illegible]ively] rush off to
[illegible]s not Pierce the
For the rhyth[illegible]
Who trac[illegible]

Of each that passed him by,
He queried anxiously,
"I prithee, hast thou seen a heart astray?"

Some stared and hurried on,
While others said in scorn,
"Your heart has gone in search of your lost wits."

The day is wearing fast:
Young Colin comes at last
To where a cottage stands embowered in trees.

He looks within, and there
He sees a maiden fair,
Who sings low songs the while she plies her wheel.

"I prithee, maiden bright,"—
She turns as quick as light,
And straight a warm flush crimsons all her face.

She, much abashed, looks down,
For on his locks so brown
She seems to see the marks her lips have made.

Whereby she stands confest:
What need to tell the rest?
He said: "I think, fair maid, you have my heart;

"Nay, do not give it back,
I shall not feel the lack,
If thou wilt give to me thine own therefor."

THE OLD PLACE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

I stand on the shore of a moonlit sea,
'Neath the myriad stars of a Summer sky,
And sad are the thoughts that come to me,
As the sorrowful night-wind whispers by.

II.

'Tis the same old sea whose voices call,
The same old stars with their twinkling eyes,
The same old moonlight silvers all,
And the same old solemn thoughts arise.

III.

Naught in the scene has changed for years,
Waves, nor stars, nor moonlight fair,
And here in my eyes are the same old tears,
For the same old hopeless love I bear!

Written for the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

JAPAN AS SEEN BY A KENTUCKIAN.

BY F. H. B., U.S.N.

On the 18th of May, 185–, after a run of six days from Ousima, the U. S. ship *Vincennes* anchored in the harbor of Simoda. The pilot who, according to the port regulations, should have directed us to the anchorage, soon after came alongside with an excuse for his neglect, and a demand for a fee. His claim had scarcely been satisfied when we were boarded by numerous Japanese officers who desired to learn the object of our visit. Their boats were gaily decorated with flags and banners, on which were painted the armorial bearings of the Prince of Idzu, and were well supplied with weapons of various and singular shapes. After receiving satisfactory answers to their questions, they rambled over the vessel, taking notes and making sketches of the different articles that excited their curiosity or attracted their attention. They remained with us until nightfall, and only took their leave when they had accurately measured the length, breadth, and depth of the ship, and counted and examined every gun in our battery.

On the 14th we had a gale from the N. N. W., and could not leave the vessel, the sea running too high to admit of our landing.

On the next day the wind had in a great measure abated, and as many of us as were not on duty we seized the opportunity of a visit to the shore. A short pull brought us to the landing place, and we were with a people whose exclusive policy had long rendered their country a kind of *terra incognita* to the civilized world.

The devastations of an earthquake which had lately visited the island were plainly visible. On every side we saw where houses had been thrown down or washed away. From the *Goyoshi*, or police station near the landing place, we strolled leisurely up the road towards the town, followed by a large concourse of people, who stared at us as though we were some strange *lusi naturæ* escaped from a travelling museum.

We found the town unlike any other we had ever seen. Its name Simoda, signifying in the Japanese language "the lower field," is very expressive of its situation. It is bounded on the East and West by mountainous hills; the sea washes its Southern limits, while from the Northern extremity a pleasant valley, that follows the windings of the Inodsa-gawa, extends as far as the eye can reach. The town is compactly built, and contains about 7,000 inhabitants. The streets do not exceed fifteen feet in width, and cross at right angles. The houses are generally but one story high, and are built of pine or fir, plastered on the outside with lime and clay. They are occasionally tiled, but are most frequently thatched with a species of Arundo, which grows on the uncultivated lands near the sea. It is in the interior arrangement of the houses that the traveller observes the greatest departure from the European styles. Sliding partitions covered with oiled paper, separate the rooms, which may be enlarged or diminished at the pleasure of the occupants. Straw mats of uniform thickness cover the floors, and serve as a substitute for chairs, which are never used by the Japanese. A few folding screens ornamented with paintings of cities, mountains, men, and animals, with lacquered cabinets and stands, dishes and drinking vessels, and in the centre of the room a box containing burning charcoal and a spittoon for those who smoke, constitutes nearly all the furniture. The males and females are not separated as in China, but occupy indiscriminately the same apartments and eat from the same table. Over "the place of honor" in the principal room of every house is a small gilded temple containing the household gods; and, standing near it, the "ancestral tablet," a slab of lacquered wood, on which are inscribed in gilded characters the names of the different members of the family who have gone to their long homes.

In the city and its vicinity there are numerous temples dedicated to the worship of the Japanese divinities. In the location of their religious houses, the people have exhibited much taste. Groves of funereal cypress and fir trees, and time-mouldered monuments and gravestones, mark their position. The adjacent grounds are decorated in the highest style of Japanese art. Miniature lakes and waterfalls are distributed through the gardens, and every artificial combination of nature is used to enhance the beauty of the place.

In the outskirts of the city we visited the *Dai-an-shi*, or Great Quiet Monastery, located on a steep hill-side. A long flight of steps hewn from the solid rock, and winding among monuments and graves, led to the main entrance, where we were received by an inquisitive bondze, who asked innumerable questions, but did not object to our entering and examining the building. A large bell hung immediately in front of the door, and was used to attract the attention of the god, when his good offices were solicited by his pious worshippers. The interior of the temple presented an appearance of neatness and cleanliness which, judging from its exterior, we had not expected to find. Several gilded idols, [illegible] the farthest extremity of the room. The altar, which was carved and profusely gilded, was covered with musical instruments and copper and bronze vases and brasiers. Shelves and boxes containing books, were ranged around the sides of the room at intervals of six or eight feet, and oiled paper lanterns were suspended from the roof. We could have remained here hours examining the strange objects by which we were surrounded, but an overpowering smell of burning joss-sticks and perfumes compelled us to beat a hasty retreat.

There are other larger and finer temples in the city that are filled with idols, and pictures, and priests, and all the gorgeous furniture of Japanese idolatry. Every two or three hundred yards one sees the evidences of idol worship. Temples, shrines, and altars, meet the eye on every side. Stone or wooden images of the principal gods are as frequently found in the centre of a forest, or on the summit of a high mountain, as in the most crowded thoroughfares. Porcelain cups filled with tea, or saki, and bunches of flowers and joss-sticks, the propitiatory offering of some devout worshipper, are tastefully arranged in front of all the shrines.

On the East side of the bay we visited a very small Buddhist temple, standing a few paces from the road side, in a grove of magnificent firs. A fine-looking old bondze, the sole tenant of the place, led us through the building, and exhibited all that was worthy of being seen. In the rear of the temple we found a fine garden, and a beautiful fish-pond, with banks shaded by the *Camellia Japonica*, which here grows in rich luxuriance on every hill side. The priest gave us pipes and tobacco, and seating ourselves under the trees, we smoked and watched the gold and silver fishes sporting in the clear water at our feet. The garden was one mass of bloom. The plants were so completely covered with flowers that the foliage could scarcely be seen. Arbor-vitæ and pine trees were cut and trained into the most fanciful shapes, showing a skill in the Topiarian art never reached in Europe. Some of them resembled houses, with doors, windows, and steps, formed of the boughs and foliage; others took the forms of animals. Everything was in complete order and in excellent taste, and here, in an air redolent with the finest perfumes, and with delighted eyes gazing on nature in her gayest dress, this old man spends his days, shut out from the great noisy world, but living in a quiet little world of his own, that furnishes every sense with enjoyment. The garden was an earthly paradise, an Eden of happiness, and we only wondered that the priest had no companion to share its pleasures.

The Japanese religion promotes a love for all that is sublime and beautiful in nature. Nearly every temple has its garden and artificial scenery. The poorest altar is decorated with flowers. The love for the beautiful is carried even beyond death, and a common offering at the graves of relatives and friends, is a bunch of flowers, which, when withered, is carefully renewed.

The scenery about Simoda is of a quiet, negative kind of beauty, that does not at first sight give much pleasure. Steep hills shut out the view to the East and West, and the angular lines of the fan-shaped bay present little that is interesting in the South. But far away over the rice-fields that skirt the Northern boundaries of the city, a stone causeway extends its winding length through pleasant valleys and along the little river that empties itself into the bay. Following its irregular course, we pass through villages embowered in groves of bamboo, and tall forest-trees that shade the quiet streets and huckster's stalls, spread out beneath the sheltering boughs. Scantily-clothed fishermen, with heads protected from the sun by broad-brimmed bamboo hats, are seen turning the stones in the stream searching for shrimps, or reclining on the grassy banks lazily watching their floats as they move with the current, or rest quietly on the surface of the deep pools. On the neighboring hill-tops are the quaint shrines and altars erected by the zealous devotees for the honor and worship of his numberless gods. Fields of rice waving in the breeze like the water in the bay, show that the rich harvests of Japan yield an abundant return for the husbandman's labor.

In another direction an object of a different kind and degree of beauty, meets the gaze, its grandeur and majesty contrasting actively with the quiet, passive beauty of the valley scenery. Fusi Yama, 13,000 feet higher than the level of the sea, rears its snow-capped summit high above the clouds that float about its storm-beaten sides and base. Drifts of snow that fill the ravines and diverge in long lines from its highest point, glitter in the bright sunlight like burnished silver. A thick haze envelopes the base, so that only the summit is seen away up in the heavens, its splendor undimmed by a single cloud. Fusi Yama is visible at a distance of 120 miles from the coast, and when first seen looks like a fleecy cloud floating nearly overhead.

In color, in dress, and in manners, the Japanese differed from every people we had ever seen. They are somewhat shorter than Europeans but are stout and well-formed. Their color, a dark yellow, tinged with brown, is clear and bright, and their faces are generally open and expressive. The men wear no beard, and shave the crown of the head, combing the long hair from the neck and temples to the back of the forehead, where it is confined in a single lock. They use pomatum very freely, and take great pride in keeping their fine black hair neat and even. With the exception of the bondzes, who shave their heads, all classes cut their hair after the same fashion. The dress of the men is very simple. It consists of a loose robe with wide sleeves, and is fastened at the waist by a girdle. A cloak with sleeves, having the arms of the wearer embroidered on the breast, back, and shoulders, is usually worn over the long gown. On State occasions wide pantaloons sewn together within a few inches of the knee, are also worn. The Japanese wear hats only in bad weather or while travelling. Their faces are protected from the sun by their fans, an article of dress without which a Japanese of the better class never goes abroad. Straw sandals, such as are worn in Loo Choo, are used as a substitute for shoes.

During the Summer months the servants and laborers are very scantily clothed. We frequently saw porters and field-hands with no other covering than a cotton cloth two or three inches wide fastened about the loins.

The women generally have good features, black eyes, and, when unmarried, very pretty teeth. After marriage they are compelled to blacken their teeth, so that they may be readily distinguished from those who are still in a state of single blessedness. When they are but little exposed to the sun, their complexion is light and fresh, and their cheeks rosy. Their dress is graceful and easy, fitting more closely to the person than that worn by the men. It is loose to the waist, where it is confined by a broad girdle, with the end spread out and hanging down. From the waist to the feet it fits close and somewhat impedes their motions, so that they are obliged to take very short steps. We frequently saw ladies of rank with girdles not less than fifteen inches wide. As an additional indication of their condition, the married women have their girdles knotted in front; those of the unmarried females are fastened behind. Their manner of dressing the hair is [illegible] fastened in a loose knot with two or three folds of red or parti-colored crape, and is sometimes further decorated with silver pins joined by a miniature chain, which falls in festoons over the hair, giving a jaunty piquant air to the wearer, that is very pleasing.

Many bad customs common to more civilised countries have been introduced here, and the Japanese ladies, like those of Europe and America, endeavor to improve their really handsome faces with paints and cosmetics.

Crows and hawks infest the streets and fill the air with their hoarse cawings and discordant screams. Excellent scavengers are these same noisy birds, and to their selfish care must be attributed the cleanly appearance of the narrow thoroughfares.

Dogs, too, are congregated together in such numbers as to rival the famed canine gatherings of Constantinople. The latter city, however, can urge a better claim for the maintenance of her dogs than can Simoda. The reason which is here assigned for the kind treatment and rapid increase of the miserable curs that "make the night hideous with their howls," is, to say the least, a strange one. Once upon a time, so runs the legend, there lived and reigned in Japan an emperor who, unfortunately for his people, was born under the sign of the dog, that corresponds to—I do not know which of the twelve signs of our zodiac. This wise emperor, to propitiate the gods, or for some other equally sensible reason, promulgated throughout the land an edict directing and enforcing the maintenance and protection of all the curs then living within his dominions, and since his time they have grown in numbers and insolence until they may safely be pronounced the greatest pests that infest the country.

The cats also, scarcely less numerous than the dogs, deserve notice here. To account for their numbers, Japanese history furnishes no legend. Possibly, like our cats, they have nine lives, and thus their longevity makes amends for their slow propagation. Their resemblance may be further traced in their various sizes and colors, and rousing propensities. They differ however, in one remarkable peculiarity: their tails are less useful than ornamental, for—*mirabile dictu!* they are not more than two or three inches in length, are in form like a corkscrew—and have a veritable twist from the root to the outer extremity.

In the numerous private houses which we visited, we were hospitably received and kindly treated. The few Loo Chooan words with which I was acquainted, enabled me to make known my most simple wants, and with the aid of the universal language of signs, I managed to sustain a conversation in a strange kind of jargon, about as remarkable for its obscurity as for being intelligible. In many of the houses we were presented with tea and tobacco and cakes. The Japanese are inveterate smokers, and their pipes and tobacco pouches, constantly worn in their girdles, form a necessary portion of their dress. The metal bowl of their pipes is not more than half the size of a thimble, but as it is frequently filled, they manage to consume great quantities of tobacco. When they entertain their friends, the pipes are invariably produced, and after the salutations have been exchanged, they sit together upon the mats and blow a friendly cloud. Their tobacco is of excellent quality, mild, and finely flavored, and is cultivated throughout the whole empire.

While visiting the Japanese in their houses, we had frequent opportunities to examine their beautiful swords, which they always refused to unsheath in the streets. These weapons are admirably tempered, and would compare favorably with the famed blades of Toledo and Damascus. From guard to point they are slightly curved, and are broad, heavy, and highly polished. The hilts are covered with shagreen, and are ornamented with gold and silver, and copper amulets, in the combination called *sentido*. My own sword, a plain cut-and-thrust English blade, with regulation-hilt and scabbard, was frequently examined by the Japanese. It was of an excellent temper, thin, and very flexible, while their blades were thick and would not bend. At my request they went through the sword exercise, handling their weapons with great skill and dexterity. Their postures were easy and graceful, and their thrusts, feints, and guards, made with astonishing rapidity and force. The Japanese sword is a badge of rank, and is only worn by certain privileged classes. Every gentleman, and soldiers generally, are entitled to carry two swords of unequal lengths. The short sword is the instrument with which they perform the *Hara-Kari*, "happy dispatch," or, in still plainer English, belly-ripping. In this form of suicide, they are taught from earliest infancy consists the happiest and best mode of ending life's cares and ills. "To be or not to be," is a question of moral philosophy frequently agitated in Japan.

In our intercourse with the women we found them friendly and sociable. They evinced none of the shyness and timidity which characterised the women of Loo Choo. Indeed they were invariably kind and polite, and appeared gratified when we noticed or spoke to them. During our stay in Simoda, I made several pleasant acquaintances among the fair sex. One of these, a lively and very pretty damsel, never failed to welcome me in the European fashion, extending her hand when we met, and showing her pretty teeth, which were not disfigured with the black stain used by the married females. My regulation-buttons were in her eyes the most desirable of earthly treasures, and I established myself in her good graces at the expense of two or three of these glittering ornaments which I cut from my coat. After so valuable a present we became excellent friends, and seated upon the clean mats of her apartment, contrived to spend many pleasant hours together.

The Japanese cannot be sufficiently commended for their politeness. Even the poorest peasant had their words of greeting when we met, and their salutation, "*Ohio*," was heard at every corner, and in every crowd. They soon learned that with us Ohio had a different signification, and after a while answered our hail of Kentucky with equal readiness and good humor. They pay great deference to old age, and in their private intercourse are even more observant of the conventionalities of society than we.

Directly after the arrival of the *Vincennes*, the Japanese opened a bazaar in a large frame building near the central portion of the city, and here we spent the greatest part of our time while on shore. At this bazaar we saw specimens of Japanese manufactures collected from every part of the empire. Tier above tier, and pile above pile of beautiful articles, that might have decorated a palace, were ranged in rich profusion throughout the whole building. The wares so temptingly displayed were miracles of art; rich silks, splendid boxes, trays, tables, writing-desks, and drinking cups, the most beautiful combinations of genius and mechanism; objects both useful and ornamental, were offered for sale. Silks wrought by the fingers of high-born criminals; the coarser fabrics of the Northern islands; grotesque images from the toy-shops; paper umbrellas, and handkerchiefs, and silk fans; wares of the most dissimilar kinds and shapes, were spread out to our view. The salesmen were anxious to sell their goods, and recommended them to every passer-by.

[illegible] was transacted in conformity with a prescribed system. A small room separated from the main building was covered with mats, and here were seated the officers who received our money and marked our purchases. The salesmen merely showing us the goods and telling their prices. When we decided on purchasing an article, they wrapped it in a paper, placed it in a box, and carried it to the officers; here they would fall upon their knees and describe the circumstances of the sale, when we would make our payments and be at liberty to remove our purchases. If, after making a purchase, we were entitled to any change, we received payment in foreign coin, or if this could not be procured we were obliged to take some article of equal value with the sum we required. The Japanese invariably refused to give their coin in exchange for ours. We found their porcelain much finer than that manufactured by the Chinese. It is very white and clear, and is ornamented with gold and silver raised-work, and landscapes, and views, in brilliant enamel. I bought here several colored prints, illustrative of Japanese scenery, and manners, and customs. The Japanese drawings exhibit more genius and a greater attention to nature, than are ever seen in the works of the Chinese artists, who show an utter disregard for all rules of proportion and perspective. The representations of the human figure were rather grotesque and misshapen, though they served to give an idea of Japanese features and costume. The landscapes were tolerably well executed, but of course would not bear comparison with the works of more civilised countries.

On the occasion of a ceremonial visit by the Commodore to the Governor of Simoda, we had an exhibition of Japanese hospitality that was novel and pleasing. The procession of officers, sailors, and marines, that accompanied the Commodore, were well armed and presented a very military appearance. The Commodore and his officers were received in a room of the building occupied as a bazaar. The walls were festooned with curtains on which were painted the armorial bearings of the Governor. The courtyard and entrance way were lined with Japanese soldiers bearing pikes and swords to keep back the people who had gathered around in great numbers, attracted by our glittering uniforms and the martial strains of Yankee-doodle as performed on the drum and fife by the Infantile musicians of our marine guard. The Governor was a modern Chesterfield, and a model for the imitation of his dependants, so that the hall of audience, as the apartment had been called, was the scene of numerous bowing and bending officers, each vieing with the other in the width of his grin and in the depth of his bow. The Governor was a handsome man, about the middle height, with fine features and form. He is of the blood royal, and in addition to his title of Governor holds the rank of Prince of Idzu. After the exchange of salutations the Japanese offered refreshments of tea, cakes, boiled lobsters, candied sugar, seaweed, rice, snake soup, sweetmeats of various kinds, saki, &c. They played the part of hosts to admiration, helping us bountifully to the different viands spread upon the tables, and frequently replenishing our tiny cups with the finest saki, a liquor distilled from rice. Instead of deprecating their food, as is the custom in many countries, they were continually vaunting its good qualities and recommending it as palatable and easily digested. At the risk of offending our entertainers, I refused several of the dishes offered me, as I had not the most remote conception of what substance, whether fish, flesh, or fowl, they were composed; some of them bore a striking resemblance to boiled shark, and no doubt whatever existed as to the identity of the snakes. While we were feasting with the Japanese officers, the sailors and marines were plentifully supplied with food in the court. Our hosts were kind and attentive, but when any subject was brought forward which they did not care to discuss, they contrived to change the conversation, either indirectly, or by abruptly asking some irrelevant question.

On the 26th, the Governor, with a large retinue of officers and servants, visited the Commodore on board the *Vincennes*, and was received with a salute from our great guns.

Among the strangest of the strange sights presented in Simoda to the eyes of the traveller, are the public bath houses. In one of these houses we saw men, women, and children, mingle indiscriminately in the water. Females of nearly every age, from sixteen to sixty, perfectly naked and without shame, for it was a familiar custom, and common to the whole country, plunged into a large tank of warm water, already crowded with men, and leisurely proceeded in their work of cleaning. I counted on one occasion no less than fourteen naked girls, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, washing themselves before as many men. But little notice was taken of my presence, and they continued their occupation without any attempt at concealment. My astonishment was exhibited in my countenance and uplifted hands, and drew from the laughing girls a few comments which I did not understand, but in a moment they were again polishing their shapely limbs, already clean and white, as though I were not an amazed and admiring spectator. It was indeed a strange sight! Beautiful girls that might fill a Mohammedan's heaven, or his harem, were grouped together about the room; some were removing their clothing preparatory to taking a plunge into the tepid water; others were seated upon the stone floor, before small tubs, bathing their symmetrical limbs, as faultless in their proportions as the voluptuous roundings of the Grecian Venus. What a study for a sculptor! What a lounging place for a libertine! I entered the bath-house expecting to be astonished, but the scenes I witnessed there beggar description, and I came away fully satisfied that bathing, however necessary it may be, as practised by the Japanese, is not at all conducive to morality.

The habit of bathing in public, is not confined to the poorer classes. On more than one occasion I met at this place, a lively, pretty girl, the daughter of a wealthy shop-keeper, and she mingled with the others apparently without derogating from her superior position and dignity.

Large scars disfigured the bodies of some of the men, and a few among the women exhibited the same unsightly scams. They were produced by the *Moxa*, a caustic in general use throughout Japan as a cure for nearly every disease.

At 10.40 on the morning of the 28th, I sailed in company with the launch, bound to Hakodadi, in Matsmai. At sunset Simoda was no longer in sight, and the launch was barely visible coasting along the distant shores of the island.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The May meeting was held on Tuesday May 22d, at the rooms of Professor E. H. Davis, in the New York Medical College, the President, Hon. George Folsom, in the Chair. Much attention was given by the members at the beginning and the close of the evening, to the large and unequalled collection of American antiquities belonging to Dr. Davis, and principally obtained during the excavations and explorations of the Western Mounds made by him and Mr. Squier. These, with many others received from different places and sources, were displayed to great advantage, in admirable order, and afforded the society an opportunity the better to appreciate the results of the investigation made in our ancient tumuli, which have been so well described and illustrated by the work published by the Smithsonian Institution ten or twelve years ago: "*The Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, by E. H. Davis and E. G. Squier."

The President informed the Society that the Librarian, Mr. Moore, had procured a very curious collection of massive golden ornaments, found in Chiriqui, on the Isthmus, which he would exhibit at the next meeting.

Mr. Ewbank, the Treasurer, exhibited a small rude figure of a man, made of pure sheet-gold, found, with a number of others, in one of the Chincha Islands. Mr. Ewbank read the following paper on the subject, which he had written by request, and accompanied with drawings:

NEW YORK, May 5.

To Theodore Dwight, Esq., Rec. Sec'y. Am. Eth. Society:

Dear Sir,—The Peruvian relics here figured (of the full size) are of fine gold. They were sold, about a year ago, to Messrs. Trevor & Colgate, bullion-dealers in Wall street, to whose politeness the Society is indebted for an opportunity of examining them. They formed a small part of a quantity of kindred things discovered on one of the Chincha Islands by Coolies, while engaged in digging guano. The rest were seized by the Peruvian officials.

Fig. 1 is the representation of a man, cut out of a thin and flat piece of metal. A ruder attempt at the human figure is scarcely conceivable. The nose and eyes have been raised or embossed by rough punches, and are so exaggerated as to give the face the appearance of that of an owl. What is meant for the head-dress is indicated by a slit at each side of the head. The arms are distinguished from the body in the same way, and a piece removed from between the legs leaves those members apart; the whole forcibly reminding one of anomalous paper figures cut out by children. There are small holes at *a*, *a*, as if to attach it to some fixed object by pins, or possibly for suspending it by twine.

Fig. 2 is a part of the same piece, bent below into a rude tube. It was broken off by accident or design. The habit of American Indians of turning the toes inwards is clearly shown. The edges of Fig. 1 are excessively ragged, having been cut, no doubt, by stone chisels. They afford another corroboration of the alleged absence of anything like shears in ancient Peru, and of the admiration of the native when the Spaniards introduced scissors among them.

Figs. 3 and 4, are cups, raised out of thin metal by the hammer, the marks of which are as observable on the convex surface of No. 4, as if just made. The edge has been levelled and smoothed off by abrasion. The weight of Fig. 1 is slightly less than that of twelve gold dollars; and Figs. 3 and 4, of five dollars.

But the most interesting fact in relation to these trifles, is that of their having been disinterred on a Guano Island, *with thirty feet or more of that material resting upon them.* How many ages did it require to produce this depth of covering? What the annual or centennial rate of increase is now, we know not; but if it were known, it would scarcely be applicable to remote times, when the birds were seldom disturbed by human visitors. The Peruvians, under the Incas, used guano as a fertiliser; and from the place of their discovery, these relics doubtless date back to an early period of Peruvian annals. From the excessive rudeness of form and finish of the principal one, it may well be supposed to have preceded the advent of the first Incs.

Mr. Farris, the owner of the collection of antiquities reported on at the last meeting of the Society, informs me that he has been on the Chincha Islands, and has seen golden relics found on them, especially on Chincha Alta, the largest and highest one. They are always found, he showed, on the *rock*, that is, beneath the lowest stratum of Guano. Hence they were either placed there before that material began to accumulate, or on spots that had been cleared of it, and left until buried under the present deposit.

Very respectfully,
THOMAS EWBANK.

Dr. Davis remarked that the ancient Peruvians obtained Guano for manure from the Chincha Islands, and had laws strictly regulating its distribution in different Provinces, and protecting the birds. He suggested that, as they had only small vessels, they probably dug the guano from near the water-level, and that the curious relics found may have been deposited in the excavation, and not before the period when the formation of the guano beds was commenced. Dr. Davis laid before the Society *Garcilasso de la Vega's book* ("Royal Commentaries on Peru," London, 1688), and from pages 135-6, was read the following: "By the sea coast of Orequepa, as far as Tarrapaca, which is above 300 leagues, they use no other dung but such as comes from the sea-birds, of which there are great numbers, and incredible flocks, on the coast of Peru; they breed in little islands which lie in the sea, and are uninhabited, where they lay such heaps of dung, that at a distance they seem to be hills of snow. In the time of the Incas, who were kings, great care was taken of those birds in the season of their breeding, for then, on pain of death, no man was to enter on those islands, lest they should disturb the birds or rifle their nests; nor was it lawful to take or kill them at any time, either off or on the island.

"Every island was, by order of the Incs, assigned to such and such provinces; and if the islands were very large, then two or three of them divided the soilage, the which they laid up in separate heaps, that some one tract might not encroach on the proportion allotted to the other; and when they came to make their division to particular persons and neighbors, they then weighed and shared out to every man the quantity he was to receive; and it was felony for a man to take more than what belonged to him, or to rob or steal it from the ground of his neighbors, for in regard that every man had as much as was necessary for his own lands, the taking a greater quantity than what belonged to him was judged a crime and high offence; for that this sort of birds' dung was esteemed precious, being the best improvement and manure for land in the world."

Dr. Davis then exhibited to the Society some articles which he thought possessed great interest—as they not only illustrated the high skill of the present tribes, but verified the statements of some of the early historians respecting the manufacture of obsidian knives and arrow-points, which statements have generally been considered rather apocryphal. For instance, Clavigero states, that so skilful were the Mexicans in the manufacture of obsidian knives, that a single workman could produce a hundred per hour.

The articles consisted of two obsidian pebbles—one in the natural state, the other fractured and polished—a block of the same, from which knives had evidently been fractured—two obsidian darts, one partly finished, the other complete, together with chips of the same materials. They were brought by the Hon. Caleb Lyon, recently returned from California. Whilst there he visited the Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used those weapons, which in most tribes have been superseded by rifles, or, at least, by iron-pointed arrows or spears. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description, which Mr. Lyon wrote and communicated to Dr. Davis, is here subjoined:

"The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil, which was of compact talcose slate, upon his knee, with one blow of his agate chisel, he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side, he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding this piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand, he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required shape. After finishing the base of the arrow-head (the whole being only a little over an inch in length) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their adroit application, and his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow-head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which (after two failures) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them, arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, which many attempt, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I had read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians, of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow-heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less, and the plough more!"

THE PRESS IN CHURCH.

PREPARATORY READING.—A gentleman who, for the first time, visited Mr. Beecher's church on Sabbath last, has stated in a public print that the congregation were busily employed *in reading the Sunday newspapers* prior to the commencement of the service. Their preparatory studies in this valuable kind of sacred literature, doubtless whetted their appetites for the more amusing and entertaining performance that followed.—*N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.*

Which paper was it, *The Intelligencer* or *The Observer?* If the latter, the act was wicked; if the former, only foolish. If it was a *Sunday Herald* or *Mercury*, probably some poor sinner, not used to churches, on looking over the newspapers to select that which seemed the most religious, picked out, not *The Intelligencer*—poor fellow!—but *The Mercury*. He ought to be sent to the Tract Society for life! But who is this "gentleman," that seeing, perhaps, *one* man in an audience of three thousand, says "that *the congregation*" were so employed? His nerves were excited by seeing a whole audience wide awake in church! Probably he has been accustomed to attend church in Williamsburgh. If the Plymouth church people had solemnly gone to sleep, we should not have heard a word about Sunday reading. If any strangers in our congregation have made a mistake, and brought *The Intelligencer* to church for Sunday reading, we wish them hereafter to know that such conduct excites remark and injures their reputation for piety.—*N. Y. Independent.*

To ease the mind of Mr. Beecher, and of all the parties concerned, we beg to say that what the informant of the *Christian (!) Intelligencer* probably saw, was some dozen or two of the more intelligent of the Plymouth Church congregation reading the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, and admiring in it a discourse by the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett. And although the persons thus engaged would have spent their time more in accordance with usage by sleeping, sucking their thumbs, examining each other's dresses, or something of the kind, we submit that seeing it was the SATURDAY PRESS they were occupied with, they were certainly more likely to be benefited than injured. Had it been the *Clipper*, the *Ledger*, the *Tribune*, or even the *Independent*, the case would have been different.—*Ed. Sat. Press.*

— A French paper tells a story of a danseuse who lately danced on a stage of a theatre in an Italian town, garrisoned by Austrian troops, dressed in the three colors which constitute the Sardinian flag—green, red, white. The police issued an order to the director, that such a scandal must not be repeated in his theatre. The next night the patriotic danseuse, determined not to be outwitted by the police, wore a yellow cap, a green skirt, and a white boddice; but as she appeared on the stage, a friend threw her a bouquet of roses, and placing these on her breast, to cover the white, the three colors of the Sardinian flag were united.

Special Notices.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at Rogers's Book-store, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

FREE PUBLIC GALLERY OF ART.
NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING,
Second avenue, corner of Eleventh street. Open daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

ORDERS FOR EUROPE.—During the absence of the undersigned in Europe, all orders will be promptly attended to, and all Books and Apparatus for College and Public Libraries imported duty free. Address,
CHAS. B. NORTON,
Agent for Libraries, New York.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—MATINEE.
THE FIRST CORTESI MATINEE
SATURDAY, June 4, at 1 o'clock P. M. Doors open at 12. When Signora ADELAIDE CORTESI will appear in
A GRAND OPERA,
in one of her most celebrated characters assisted by Madame Strakosch, Brignoli, Amodio, Ettore, Barili, and Junca.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship VANDERBILT, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, June 4, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

CANVASSERS wanted in every town in the United States, to canvass for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS. A liberal commission allowed. For particulars, address
HENRY CLAPP, JR., Publisher,
9 Spruce street, New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE!—The Elm Place Congregational Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev WILLIAM A. BARTLETT, will open their new Tabernacle, on Fulton avenue, corner of Hoyt street, for Divine Services, on SUNDAY, June 5th. On Thursday evening, June 2nd, at 8 o'clock, the Tabernacle will be open to give former occupants of seats in the Polytechnic Institute an opportunity to select their sittings in the new building. On Saturday evening, June 4th, the Tabernacle will be open for the general renting of seats.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Warerooms No. 694 Broadway.
Chickering & Sons have been awarded thirty-five prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the past thirty-five years. Also for sale,
MASON & HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR
MELODIONS AND HARMONIUMS,
For Parlors, Churches, Vestries, and Lodges. At Wholesale and Retail.
PIANOS TO LET.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on
THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.
DANIEL GALE, PROPRIETOR, CALDWELL, N. Y.
The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—THE Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy, consisting of upwards of Eight Hundred Original Works, by living artists, never before exhibited by the Academy, is now open daily, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., at the Galleries in Tenth street, near Broadway. Admission 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.
T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Cor. Sec., N. A.

Messrs. GOUPIL & CO have just published a number of very fine engravings, amongst which are the late productions of
PAUL DELABOCHE,
ARY SCHEFFER, and
HORACE VERNET.
Amateurs of fine line engravings are respectfully invited to examine them, as also recent works of ROSA BONHEUR, JEROME'S DUEL, the great photographs of RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS, and all the new publications, English and French.
Frames, and Passepartouts, and Artists' Materials of every description, at GOUPIL'S GALLERY, 366 BROADWAY.
M. KNOEDLER.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—ITALIAN OPERA.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
SCALE OF THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.
The price of admission during the SUMMER SEASON has been fixed as follows:
Admission to Parquette, Dress Circle, and Private Boxes, ONE DOLLAR.
Reserved seats in Private Boxes, Dress Circle, and Parquette, FIFTY CENTS EXTRA.
Family Circle, 50 cents. Gallery, 25 cents.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. AVERY, Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

BRANCH OFFICE.

For the accommodation of our up-town readers, we have established a Branch-Office of THE SATURDAY PRESS at Rogers' Book Store, No. 827 Broadway, where subscriptions, communications, advertisements, etc., will be received.

UNIMPORTANT.

Nearly everything has got crowded out of our paper this week, to make room for something else.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The communication on our first page, entitled "Japan as Seen by a Kentuckian," though from the pen of a gentleman little known to the world either as a traveller or an author, is one of the best written, and most interesting papers on the subject that we have seen.

THE WAR.

We have heard of nothing but war and rumors of war for several weeks; but thus far there has been no fighting.

This is very well for the parties on the spot, but it is very bad for the Able Editors, who can't, for the life of them, understand why, when all the press is waiting for the struggle to commence, it continues to be postponed.

They are the most blood-thirsty creatures in the world—these Able Editors.

They remind us of the Bowery boys urging on two unwilling dogs—or a willing dog and an unwilling cat to pitch into each other.

"Why on earth don't the Austrians push on?" they exclaim. "What fools they are to lose so much time! "And what can the French be about? And the Sardinians, who are as dead to their interests as so many "sardines in a tin box? Why don't they follow Mr. "Staunton's famous advice, and 'go it?'"

Is it possible they can be ignorant of the fact that the Able Editors have spent vast sums of money preparing for the war; that they have a whole corps of correspondents on the field, under full pay; and that they are therefore the greatest losers by this unwarrantable delay?

One would think, to read the city papers, that if the armies of France, or Austria, or Sardinia, had been commanded by some penny-a-lineal descendent of Jefferson Brick (the model Able Editor), they would before this have performed such feats of arms as the world never before saw. Which is very probable.

But why, then, don't the Able Editor enlist at once? He would be sure not to get killed.

Seriously, these Editors had better let the war alone, until they have had time to study up their geography and learn a little military tactics; or, they might at least let it alone until there *is* a war, and meanwhile go and take a few lessons at West Point.

If Appleton's New American Cyclopædia were finished, the case would be different—especially in the *Tribune* office. Then the Able Editor would know everything. Now he is learned only up to the letter D, and is liable, therefore, to commit errors. Anything in X would set him crazy.

The state of things is aggravated, just now, by the fact that several of the chief editors are off.

Raymond, of the *Times*, has wisely shirked all responsibility, by going to Europe, and leaving the poor War in the hands of his subs; Greely, too, has shown the white feather, and gone to Pike's Peak, or somewhere, in search of Kansas; while Bigelow, of the *Post*, and Brooks, of the *Express*, and Col. Fuller, of the newspapers-at-large, are roaming over the Old World, and flooding the New with "letters;" so that we have nobody left of any consequence among all our Able Editors, except Bennett, who takes no interest in anything, and a few second-class (and second-hand) editors, who have no knowledge of anything, and Col. Webb, who—well, not to put too strong a point upon it,—who is both *pond* and *blast*.

So the public is left to the tender mercy of subs, supes, and juveniles generally, who mount the editorial stilts and let off the most remarkable nonsense the world ever dreamed of.

Now the real fact is that our people don't care a button about the whole affair, except as something in the prize-fight or horse-race way, on which they can bet and about which they can gas.

This is one reason why we have decided, notwithstanding several country invitations to mix up in the matter, to have nothing to do with it.

Moreover we have, personally, very little feeling for either party.

The idea of Louis Napoleon, who dare not trust his own people with the least freedom, talking about giving freedom, or independence, to Italy, is all nonsense. The only object he can have in view is to increase the territory or influence of France, and so regulate the "balance of power" in Europe, that there shall be no balance left except in his own hands.

Then, again, we have no very lively sympathy for Italy.

When the Italians care enough about their independence to fight for it—to die for it—they will have it. There is no power in Europe that can crush a really free nation—or a nation desiring to be free.

But even if this were not so, Italy has nothing to hope from France. Louis Napoleon would no more tolerate free institutions in any country in Europe (if he could help it), than he would tolerate the plague.

He doesn't believe in freedom. Since he has been Emperor, he has had the audacity to seek to crush it out in Belgium, in Switzerland, and even in England itself, by his warfare against the freedom of the press; while in his own country, the very word freedom can hardly be spoken out loud, and to sing the Marseillaise in the streets is all but treason.

A pretty man he, to talk about liberating Italy!

Literary Notes.

— We notice in the poetical department of the *Ledger* several new names, such as Emma Alice Brown, William C. Bryant, Sallie M. Bryan, etc. By some strange oversight Branch was allowed to be carried off, with Bayard Taylor, by the *Mercury*. But it is reported that Bonner has his eye on Tennyson and Tupper. What a pity that Longfellow and Holmes refused! We shall begin to think that Boston is the brain of the country, after all. By the way, won't Dickens be astonished when he finds himself harnessed in with Cobb?

— We are indebted, this week, to Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., of Boston, for an exquisite poem, which, in its way, is equal to anything from the pen of Whittier or Longfellow.

— Some of the London papers attribute Tennyson's last poem ("War"), which was published originally in the *Times* over the signature of T., to Tupper. The force of satire can no further go.

— The most attractive book which has been laid on our table this week is Cooper's Wyandotte—being the fifth volume of W. A. Townsend & Co.'s edition of Cooper's works, splendidly illustrated by Darley, and bound in a style which would do credit to any publishing house in the world.

— The *Ledger*, commenting, in its felicitous Fanny-fernal style, on the state of things in Europe, says:

"*Children* must creep before they walk, and all the people of the Continent [the European Continent?] are children in the matter of government. Why should they be anything else? They have no experience [!] no training [!!]" etc., etc. Who shall talk of the *Old* World, after this?

— A friend who purchased the first edition of Poe's "Eureka" at the recent sale of Griswold's library by Bangs, Merwin & Co., found it to be extensively annotated by the hand of the author. He had covered the margin of nearly every page with notes, emendations, additions, corrections of pronunciation, transposition of phrases, interlineations, etc., evidently with a view to a new edition. Among other notes was found (page 30) the following:

"If, however, in the course of this essay, I succeed in showing that, out of Matter in its extreme of simplicity, all things *might* have been constructed, we reach directly the inference that they were thus constructed, through the impossibility of attributing supererogation to Omnipotence."

At the end of the book, on the half blank page, he writes:

"*Note.*—The pain of the consideration that we shall lose our individual identity, ceases at once when we further reflect that the process, as above described, is neither more nor less than that of the absorption, by each individual intelligence, of all other intelligences (that is of the Universe) into its own. That God may be all in all, *each* must become God."

— The London *Morning Chronicle* publishes the following Parody of Tennyson's War Song, reprinted in our last issue:

War.

Notes of alarm are reading the air;
There are clouds in the East which cover the land,—
Trembling and quaking in Printing House square,—
Well if it do not reach the Strand.
Englishmen, hear! list to the roar!
Crunch to a pulpiness in oldest flour!
Englishmen, Englishmen, Englishmen, hear!

Be deaf to the moan that the South wind brings;
In Italy's cause 'tis the French who fight;
How can an Englishman trust in kings?
How can a Frenchman ever be right?
Englishmen brave, friends of the slave,
Be deaf to the peoples your help that crave—
"Englishmen, Englishmen, Englishmen, save!"

Let the Whigs and the Tories go out and go in,
But aid the oppressor, and spare the oppressed!
Though the boroughs are lost, yet let Austria win;
Let Freedom be crushed, and the world be at rest.
Englishmen bold, the tale is told;
Are you the men to be bought and sold?
Englishmen, Englishmen, Englishmen, hold!

Go! fight for the tyrant, whatever befide;
Let the cause of the strong be the cause of the Queen!
With the French we're allied, they have fought at our side;
Rat the *Times* and the Devil know best what they mean!
Englishmen, hear, your duty is clear!
Show them a spirit that knows not fear!
Englishmen, Englishmen, Englishmen, hear!

The *Southern Field and Fireside* in the name of a new weekly journal just started in Augusta, Georgia (the Boston, or "Hub," of the Southwest), under the editorial direction of Mr. W. W. Mann, formerly Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. We know Mr. Mann to be not only an accomplished, but a thoroughly honest and independent man, and have no doubt that he will issue one of the ablest papers in the country.

— The Messrs. Baillière Brothers are about to publish a dictionary of reference of mineral waters, French and foreign, with information concerning the sources from which they are derived, their qualities and useful matter.

— A small moveable printing office is, by order of the French Emperor, to be placed at the disposal of the Marshal Major-General of the army of Italy. That which was used in the Crimean war is now being reorganised for that purpose.

— The Paris correspondent of a Belgian journal, says, under date of May 11: "The Papal government has just replied to a question singularly embarrassing, which was proposed in a letter, namely: Whether it should order prayers for the armies of Austria or for those of France and of Piedmont. The telegraph announces to us a circular letter, which orders prayers for the reëstablishment of peace."

— Messrs. W. C. Little & Co., of Albany, have issued an authorised edition of the Laws passed at the eighty-second session of the Legislature of the State of New York (1859). It is a well-printed volume of 1,840 pages. The laws number five hundred and seventeen; about five hundred too many, though the legislators don't think so, nor the State printer. "It's an ill wind," etc.

— Mr. Samuel Ward, Commissioner Bowlin's late Secretary, has written a lively and interesting account of his visit to Paraguay, which will be published in a short time.

— The Montgomery County (N. Y.) *Democrat*, speaking of the *Ledger* says:

"Its best contributors give it their poorest articles; the popularity of the paper rests, in a great measure, on the productions of Cobb, Emerson Bennett, and writers of that class, while the really good writers are lesser lights in the eyes of the *Ledger* patronisers. In reality, the *Ledger* is not a whit better than other flash papers. Some of its contributors' names are excellent, but four colums out of five of it are of third-class order."

The *Democrat* has found out, at last, what every other journal in the country has known for a long time, but which, for certain weighty reasons, none of them are in a hurry to say. A better name for the *Ledger*, judging from the nature of its contents and circulation, would be *The Kitchen Cabinet*.

— The *Buffalo Express* hopes that the title of Mr. Swinton's new work, "Rambles Among Words," is not copyrighted, since it belongs, in justice, to half the books written now-a-days. True.

— The Columbia College Commencement will take place on Tuesday next, at 10 A. M., at Niblo's; the annual examination of the classes will begin on Monday at 9½ A. M.

— At a meeting of the Council on Monday night, the Chancellor announced that John T. Johnston, Esq., had presented six hundred and fifty-four volumes of standard law books to the Law Library of the University. Mr. Johnston says in the letter accompanying the donation:

It is my intention to make a further and larger purchase on my return from Europe; but not finding the opportunity I had hoped of securing some well selected library already collected, and wishing to give the institution and the students the benefit of my intention, in part, at least, at the opening of the Fall term, I have commenced with this selection, which will make a good working library.

In addition to this donation of Mr. Johnston, the library of the law department contains the very valuable publication of the record commission of Great Britain, heretofore presented to the University by their Majesties King William IV. and Queen Victoria, comprising one hundred and two grand folio volumes, which, with about three hundred other volumes of law books, have been transferred from the general library of the University to that of the Law Department.

— Messrs. Mayhew & Baker, Boston, will publish, on the 10th instant, the first American edition of "Counterparts; or, The Cross of Love," an English novel, by the author of "Charles Auchester."

— The department of analytical and practical chemistry in the *Chess Monthly*, will hereafter be exclusively superintended by Mr. Morphy. The literary department is written entirely by Mr. Daniel W. Fiske, the most accomplished chess-editor in the country.

— Messrs. C. Shepard & Co. have removed their publishing, bookselling, and stationery business, from No. 152 Fulton-street to No. 397 Broadway, second door below Walker-street.

— Dexter & Co. advertise the third volume of the *Atlantic Monthly* bound in muslin, but, with a carelessness too common with publishers, neglect to state the price.

— A copy of Dr. Cheever's work, *God against Slavery*, was recently sent to the Queen of England by one of the author's friends. Sir C. B. Phipps sent a most courteous reply, announcing the royal pleasure in accepting the volume, but indicating no intention, on the part of Her Majesty, of relieving the condition of her own subjects.

— G. P. R. James' new historical novel, "The Cavalier" (for the MS. of which Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, paid $1,680), will be published on Saturday next. The same house has this day published a new and complete edition of Jack Downing's Letters.

— Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have nearly ready a valuable historical work, in three volumes, entitled, "The Puritans; or, the Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth." They have also nearly ready a "Commentary on Ephesians," by R. E. Patterson, D.D.

— Messrs. Phillips, Sampson and Co., Boston, will publish, shortly, "The Concord of Ages, by Edward Beecher, D.D., author of the Conflict of Ages," and "Addresses on Educational Topics, by Hon. George J. Boutwell, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education." They have recently issued an original and deeply interesting work, entitled, "Plan of the Creation; or, Other Worlds, and Who Inhabit Them, by the Rev. C. L. Hequembourg."

— Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston, announce a new volume by Henry Ward Beecher. It consists of a series of articles on Agriculture, Horticulture, and Rural Affairs, published in the *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*, at Indianapolis, a paper edited by Mr. Beecher, while pastor of a church in that city.

Invocation to the Summer Rain.
BY W. C. BRYANT.

O, gentle, gentle Summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O, gentle, gentle Summer rain.

In heat, the landscape quivering lies,
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up in vain for thee:
For thee, for thee, it looks in vain,
O, gentle, gentle Summer rain.

Come then, and brim the meadow streams,
And sedges all the hills with mist;
O, falling dew, from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed:
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O, gentle, gentle Summer rain.

— The *Chess Monthly* gives a table showing Mr. Morphy's scores in Europe. Out of 149 even games he won 117, lost 19, and 13 were drawn. Of 88 blindfold games he won 20, lost 1, and 12 were drawn. Of 35 consultation games he won 17, lost 2, and 16 were drawn. Giving the pawn and move he won 18 games, lost 2, and 5 were drawn. Giving the pawn and two moves he won 14 games, lost 2, and 1 was drawn.

— An English missionary now in Sumatra lately wrote home that he had "had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked."

— A singing society in Paris, a short time ago, offered a prize for a sacred composition. Amongst other works two were sent in which were pronounced by the society to be unworthy. When the letters which had accompanied the compositions were opened, the name of Carl Maria von Weber was found to be the author of them. The German papers on this occasion display much merriment and irony.

One Thing and Another.

— Dr. George B. Windship, of Boston (now more commonly known as "Brain"-down), Mass.—a young man 25 years old, 5 feet 7 inches high, 143 pounds heavy, capable of raising 200 pounds with either little finger, and with his hands, 926 pounds dead-weight (a number of *The Century*, for instance), without the aid of straps or belts of any kind—well, this young Sampson, who, in addition to the virtues just enumerated, is a graduate of Harvard College, undertook to lecture in Modern Athens, last Monday evening, on Physical Health; when, lo! he had proceeded less than five minutes when his voice grew tremulous, his frame weak, and he fell flat upon the platform, and had to be carried out. The battle is not always to the strong.

— Dr. Holmes, who is bravely saying, as a layman, some serious truths to the clergy, of the harm they do to genuine religion by making it a matter of dogmas, and of the disrespect they bring upon themselves by their unchristian want of charity for those even of their own profession who differ from them, has lately defended the medical profession of Boston from the charge of stupid and illiberal conservatism made against them in common with the entire profession, and claimed for the doctors of Boston the first recognition, in this country, of the modern reforms in the practice of medicine, such as vaccination. Has Dr. Holmes forgotten his book "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions," or is this claim but a part of the cerebral pretensions of that metropolis? Real merit of any kind is always appreciated in this country, notwithstanding that grumblers may deny it, or that charlatans may, for a time, succeed. If Boston deserves honor and consideration from America, there is no more need of Dr. Holmes's panegyrics to obtain it for her, than for Mr. Everett's Oration upon Washington, to preserve the memory of that great man. A public or a private reputation, if good, never needs whitewashing. There is as little danger that this country will forget Boston as that it will forget Washington—though it may be doubtful whether its fame could overcome, as Washington's has, the indiscriminate, injudicious, and vapid praise of blatant platitudinarians. We like Boston and Dr. Holmes too much to have either of them injure our respect for themselves or each other.

— The Syracuse *Journal* announces that the funds for the "Kane Monument" are to be raised *a la Mount Vernon*. Not a bit of it.

— Mrs. Rosanna Underwood has just been divorced from her husband in Boston. One reason urged, was neglect to provide properly for her support. She also proved that, during the first year of their marriage, they had resided in nine different houses, and during the second, in eleven. The court is said to have been of opinion that the last consideration was clearly a justifiable cause for granting the bill.

— A Dress Reform Convention is to be held on the 22d instant, at Auburn, New York. Ladies without bloomers will be admitted; also gentlemen without curls, turn-down collars, or short capes. In fact, the Convention will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Go.

— The Sixteenth Annual Session of the American Institute of Homœopathy commenced on Wednesday last, in Boston. About 200 homœopathic physicians, from various parts of the country, were in attendance. The meeting was called to order by Dr. W. E. Payne, Secretary of last year, when the following officers were elected: President—P. P. Wells, of Brooklyn, N. Y. General Secretary—H. D. Paine, Albany, N. Y. Provisional Secretary—I. T. Talbot, Boston. Treasurer—C. H. Skiff, New Haven. Censors—N. H. Warner, Buffalo; Milton Fuller, Boston; J. Beakley, New York; W. H. Watson, Utica; D. M. Drake, Pittsburg. An Address was delivered in the evening by Dr. Guy, of Brooklyn; and on Thursday the members partook of a complimentary (but not homœopathic) dinner at Parker Hall, the hosts of the occasion being the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society, and the Boston Academy of Homœopathic Medicine.

— The grocers and hardware dealers of Boston close their stores at three o'clock, on Saturday afternoons. The early-closing movement is a very good one, but we shall never take much interest in it until we see an early opening movement. It is a disgraceful fact, that to find a store of any kind open, and ready to attend to customers before nine o'clock, is out of the question. We should like, also, to see a reform in the manners of retail salesmen.

— The elegant saloon, No. 765 Broadway, hitherto known as Lyric Hall, is being handsomely redecorated, and will hereafter be known as GOLDBECK'S MUSIC HALL. For concerts, lectures, readings, and public entertainments generally, it is the pleasantest room of its size in the city.

— Imagine a country farmer trying to get through his head the following paragraph from last Wednesday's *Tribune*, and the gratitude he must feel to that journal, for thus illustrating the advantage of a "good common-school education:"

Without any visible cause why the price of cattle upon the opening day of the great market in Forty-fourth street this week was full half a cent below last week, the best stock selling not as readily at 11½ cents a pound net as they did a week ago at 12 cents, and as is always the case in a falling market, buyers were not as willing to give full estimates of weight.

— A Festival of two days' open-air amusement, exercise, and musical entertainment, at Jones's Wood, is to come off June 6th and 7th, for the benefit of the New York Musical Mutual Protection Society and American Musical Fund Society. Dodworth and Elsfeld are to be the musical directors, and the affair promises to be one of considerable interest.

— The State House cupola (Boston) is about to be removed to make way for the new one which is to be completed in August. The old one will probably be set up on Boston Common as an object of worship.

— We beg to call the attention of our readers to the fact, that a new religious body has been organised in this city, under the name of "The First Independent Society." Its programme, or declaration of faith, we have taken the liberty to insert—without charge, of course—in our advertising columns.

— A factory for the manufacture of tapestry carpets is about to be established at Cohoes, N. Y., by Albany capitalists.

— The Palace Gardens, corner of Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, will be opened next Monday evening. After the first of July, the music will be under the direction of Mr. Thomas Baker, of Laura Keene's Theatre.

— The frame of the new Crawford House at the Notch of the White Mountains, to take the place of the one burnt on the 6th ult., has been raised, and the house will be ready for occupancy on the 1st of July.

— The New York *Examiner* reiterates its statement that to get a dollar into the hands of a missionary or colporteur, through the treasuries of the American Baptist Publication Society, the American and Foreign Bible Society, and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, costs fifty cents; and that is not uncommon for an agent's salary and expenses to equal sixty to seventy cents of every dollar actually collected by him.

— Several lady-editors are to attend the Editorial Convention, to come off shortly at Milwaukee, which promises to be a very lady-like affair.

— A Cincinnati paper has commenced the publication, on Saturday mornings, of the texts of Scripture from which the several clergymen of that city propose to preach on the following day.

— The long standing custom of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which requires its clergymen to change their pastoral residence every two years, is threatened with modification. The propriety of extending the time to three and even five years, has been discussed at several of the recent Conferences, and there appears to be a strong opinion in favor of a change. The subject will be brought before the General Conference of the whole Church, which meets in May, 1860.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Correspondence.

EXTRA DE LA RUE.

A. M.

Mon cher Rédacteur:

I beg you will *particularly* oblige me by making that *horrid* "PERSONES" stop making me say things in THE SATURDAY PRESS, which I think, and ma thinks, is the best paper *in the world* [Beauteous Being! how in thy character are blended youth, taste and genius.—ED.], but pa says the men in the bank don't see it—whatever he means, *I* don't know. Well, where was I? Oh, yes! I know, about "PERSONES." Ma thinks he is just making fun of me. I would just like to catch him at it. But ma says that you can stop him, because you are the Head One, and you can tell the printers not to put in what he writes, and Charles Henry—that's the young man pa just got into the bank, and he's been to Paris,—he says that it ought to be like it here, and when there is anything in the paper about a person in society, they can just take up the editors and all the writers, and send them to a convent, or some place where they work with a ball and chain round their necks, or somewhere. And Charles Henry (oh, he is so delightful), he says it ought to be the same here, and I think so, too, don't you? Now I have got almost to the end of my sheet, and have not told you what I wanted to. But, oh! if you won't take and put it in your paper, I'll tell you something that PERSONES nor none of those men know, because Charles Henry says that literary people ain't asked out anywhere of any consequence. Well, it's about Miss T——n that was, and the Countess Blank she is now. Don't you know she was maid of honor—no, dame d'honneur, that's it—to the Empress, and was the handsomest of all of them, so they say; and her picture is in the one that what's his name—something about Winter—painted. Well, she is going to sing at the Academy in the Puritani, for the thing they are going to have for the French, or the Austrians, or somebody that's going to war, or been, or something. And it's going to be *real nice*, and all the people in society are in it, and the men that write for the papers ain't to have *anything* to do with it. How will Mr. PERSONES like *that*, I'd *like* to know?

Now I must stop, because here comes that awful Manzocchi, and he asks two dollars a lesson, and Ma says I can't do anything in music, because I talk all the time, and don't get the money's worth. And I guess that's all. And you won't forget about PERSONES, will you? Please not; that's a dear.

Votre bien dévouée,
Tout-à-vous,
ANNA MARIA.

1001 Fifth Avenue,
Thursday.

P. S.—Oh, I forgot! It's about the man he calls WHISKERS I wanted to tell you. They torment him to death, and it isn't right—keep putting him in the *Leader*, which C. H. says, only think, is published in the Sixth Ward by somebody who's done something awful and been made an Alderman for it. I didn't say he ought to be what ma does to the children, because it ain't pretty. And I think it's *a sin and a shame* to take and go and make fun of him. Charles Henry says that all the men at the Club say that *something* ought to be done about it, and so it ought. I am done now.

Forever and ever, A. M.

P. P. S.—Oh, there's something else! You're not to allow PERSONES to talk about me having cold chills down my back. Ma says it isn't proper for young ladies to have them. Always,

A. M.

THE IVY GREEN,
May the 31st.

Mr. Editor.

I never see your paper in the Bowery, but a man that works in the Ware-house says that you say that the Young Men's Democratic Club is airing concerts into the Academy with them Italians and Dutchmen. Now, I just tell you it aint so. The Club won't go back on the boys that way. It will always sustain the Administration of James Buchanan, which has nothing to do with no kind of music nor harmony. I want you to put this in your paper, because some of the boys say they wont pay a red cent (it's ten per cent. on men in the Custom House) to the Club if it is going to buy maccaroni for yellow-skinned loafers.

Yours, respectfully,
J. SMITH, Junior.

NEW YORK, May 31.

Sir:

I beg you will make, on my authority, a formal contradiction of the statement in one of your recent issues, to the effect that the Metropolitan Musical Society is connected with the Young Men's Democratic Club. The Society does not deserve to be dragged down into the dirty pool of politics. It has been founded by a number of connoisseurs, some of whom are engaged in the service of their country, for the purpose of elevating and refining humanity, through the gentle influences of the divine art. They will spare no expense to provide good programmes, and, in proof of that, I may point to the engagement of Dodworth's Band and the Sacred Harmonic Society, both of which organisations, as I am informed by their conductors, are unequalled in the world.

I have been told that the statement in the SATURDAY PRESS was intended for a joke. If such is the fact, I fail to see its point; and I am astonished that a respectable editor should permit his columns to be made the vehicle for silly jests at the expense of an important aid in the spread of civilisation and refinement.

I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper since its inception, and beg to congratulate you on its success.

At our next concert, it is our intention to play four of Beethoven's longest symphonies, and I trust that you will honor us with your presence on the occasion.

Very respectfully,
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

—— CLUB, 31st May.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY PRESS:

SIR:—I am requested by my friend, Mr. Whiskers, to inform you that, in consequence of a libellous attack upon him in your paper, he intends to commence an action at law against you, wherein the damages are laid at fifty thousand dollars. It is in my special duty, however, to demand from you the name of the author of the article in which it is stated, inferentially, that it is the duty of my friend's maternal parent to inflict upon him chastisement a posteriori, and to place him vi et armis à coucher.

It is considered by all the men in the Club to be a case clearly within the Code; and that the usual objection to the social status of a newspaper-writer might be waived.

You will do me a favor by sending me an answer by the bearer.

I have the honor to remain,
Your ob't servant,
FITZ-ADOLPHUS AMBULANCE,
Late of H. B. M.'s IA. Drag's, with the Crimean medal (three clasps), Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of the Sardinian order of St. Michael, and of the Turkish Medjee, etc., etc.

Cortesi.

I said, sometime ago, that nobody knew who Cortesi was.

Before another SATURDAY PRESS is printed, she will make every body pretty well acquainted with her.

Critics who heard her at rehearsal were astonished, and it takes a good deal to astonish a critic in the morning. If he really is critical, he has few of those bounding impulses that poets give to people who rise early in the day.

I know that everybody is dying to know whether Cortesi is handsome, but I shall not satisfy their curiosity. Artists, in the morning, are never handsome. Even Whiskers isn't handsome when he first awakes, and Whiskers is the Apollo of Wiedenfeldt.

I believe that Cortesi will be fine in Sappho. Whether so fine as Gazzaniga, who is great, remains to be seen and heard. The Opera has plenty of fine things in it, as certain composers have ascertained and duly cribbed the best. Everybody knows the plot. The prima goes and throws herself into the Sea "all along of" Brignoli, who prefers the contralto, and, as a general thing, I quite agree with him. There is something about the soprano voice that tends to acidulate the temper, and my weak point is caramels. I never can get by Maillard's, that is if I have any money—which is a rare occurrence—or Madame has confidence, which is still more so.

However, Cortesi is going to have success. That's settled. Then there is to be "Robert le Diable," with Colson (Alice), De Wilhorst (Isabella), Brignoli, (Robert, in which, on dit, he is fine), and Junca as Bertram. A very fine distribution. There will be two weeks more of Opera at least.

The Shu-shu-gar Returned.

My special favorite sometimes, the public's (comparatively unimportant body) always, Miss Heron, has returned to town, and of course began by doing a kind thing for an old friend. She played Ingomar for the benefit which Tiemann gave Eddy at Niblo's Garden. Tiemann's lieges attended in great numbers, and sans doute the heart of the manager was made glad with much Chemical and Dry Dock.

Miss Heron (I prefer to adhere to her early name) played Parthenia sweetly, gracefully, and altogether most agreeably. It is not often that I say sweet things, but it is not because I would rather be bitter. It is because either the thing is bad or I'm stupid, or both. But it seemed to be that the simplicity dodge by which Parthenia captures the savage Ingomar (Eddy was properly rumbunctious and cantankerous) is precisely Miss Heron's fate, and that therefore she does it perfectly well.

There's wisdom for you.

Relache.

Wallack's and Laura Keene's, which are really the only regular theatres here at present, have closed seasons which were unusually prosperous. Miss Laura Keene has purchased about half the State of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Wallack is in treaty for the rest of Jersey. What in the world he'll do with it I don't know.

But some new hands take the place of the old ones, who are doing the pastoral in flats and crooks of gentle shepherds.

The Misses Gougenheim commence at Laura Keene's with one of the most stupid plays that has been written of late years. It is the King's Rival, written by Charles Reade to give Mrs. Stirling a chance to play Nell Gwynne, a favorite role for stage ladies who have been badly matched. Mistress Nelly, it will be recollected, had several lovers before Old Rowley gave her that sweet house at Richmond, where the Baron's friend, Pepys, always found a pleasant halting-place. But we will talk more about Mistress Nelly next week. The title of the play has been changed by the Gougenheims to "Court and Stage." Cool proceeding, that, but very characteristic of the stage. They steal a man's property, and then mutilate it.

At Wallack's Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will produce, on the 13th, some of those great literary works about the authorship of which there has been so much dispute. Mrs. Florence is une jolie femme, and makes me laugh. So I like her.

Odds and Ends.

— The New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writes: "I met Piccolomini in the street yesterday, walking slowly and alone towards the Academy of Music. She wore a plain violet silk dress, with a black silk mantle, a simple straw hat, trimmed with white, and a gossamer black veil. It was a charming picture—this passing glimpse of the sweet-faced little prima donna, who has won so many hearts with her ingenuous loveliness. If she was thinking of herself, or her dress, she did not show it, which is more than [illegible] may."

— The Variétés Theatre, New Orleans, has been closed, and Mr. Placide's company, the best in the United States, is to play at Cincinnati en route for New York.

They are having great times at Pike's second story opera-house in Cincinnati. Read the following sweetly worded editorial from the *Commercial*:

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The programme at this *magnificent temple* during next week, will be a Musical and Floral novelty of the *most beautiful character*—being no *less* than a Grand Romantic Operetta, entitled "The Forest Festival, or Scenes in Fairy Land," in which not *less* than *three hundred and fifty* young ladies appear as sylvan *sprites* and goddesses. The *entire* vast stage is to be *converted* for the occasion into a picturesque dell with real forest-trees, flowers, birds, etc., amid which are formed beautiful illuminated tableaux. The *ancient and classic ceremonials* of crowning the queens of May and Beauty, form a part of the Operetta. The entertainment is very highly spoken of by the press elsewhere as being strictly of a *chaste* and highly interesting character.

Mme. Biscaccianti gave, on Friday, a grand farewell concert at the commercial and poetical metropolis of New Hampshire, Portsmouth. I hope she did better than old Braham, who sung there once, in the early days of the republic, and received the enormous sum of nine shillings, Boston currency.

The French libretto of *Il Poliuto* is thus announced in the *Bibliographie de la France*:

CAMMARANO.—Polyeucte, tragédie lyrique en trois actes de Salvator Cammarano, musique de Donizetti. Texte italien. Traduction française en regard. In-8°, 51 p. Paris, impr. Morris et Ce; libr. Michel Lévy frères. 2 fr.
Représenté pour la première fois, à Paris, le 14 avril 1859.

At Palermo, the tenor Salviani, who sung some time since at New York, in the *Prophet*, has been singing in *Trovatore* and *Traviata*.

At St. Petersburg, the favorite basso Marini, so well known here, has contracted a fourth engagement.

At Parma, Rosa de Vries has been singing with more success than at Palermo.

Mirate, the tenor, has signed an engagement for Rio Janeiro.

PERSONES.

Personal.

— A correspondent of the *Sunday Times*—evidently suffering from being let too severely alone—perpetrates the following:

Author-Men.

There's not a more unsocial set
On earth than are our *literati*;
They're never "hail fellow well met"
At public *fêts* or private party.

Gregarious are the beasts, the birds,
Pfaud's rascal brood and faction's scions;
All creatures go in flocks or herds,
All—save your literary lions.

They seem to think that authors wise,
Should imitate Johannes Horner,
And feed on praise, as he on pies,
Each in his solitary corner.

This is not well; wit sharpens wit,
As steel takes edge from steel's attrition.
Thought-sparks that all the world have lit,
Have been evolved by such collision.

Pale were the light, if one by one,
From sundered orbs its rays descended;
And like the beams from yonder sun,
Grand thoughts wax grander interblended.

— The following letter speaks for itself:

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, May 27, 1857.

ROBERT BONNER, Esq.,—*Dear Sir*:—The offer you have made me to edit a Chess Department in the New York *Led

Greeley being out West, and Raymond out East, the subs of the *Tribune* and *Times* are pitching into each other in regular Bowery style. "When the cat 's away," etc.

— The incorporation of the Kane Monument Association held a preliminary meeting, at the rooms of the Geographical Society, last Wednesday evening. It is estimated that the cost of the monument will not exceed $15,000. Three thousand dollars worth of stone have been presented by the President of the Albert Free Stone Company, of Nova Scotia. It is designed to have a bronze statue of Dr. Kane, in citizen's dress, life size. On the sides of the base there will be busts of Henry Grinnell, George Peabody, and Sir John Franklin. The Committee on Art and Design are Hicks, Ch. Elliott, Kensett, and Palmer. The Association has nearly five hundred members. The means for the monument are to be raised by a series of lectures on science and literature. The site has not yet been decided upon.

Mr. James T. Fields, the poet-publisher, sailed for Europe last Wednesday.

Dr. John Mackintosh, of Towanda, Pa., has just returned home after an eight months' tour over the country, delivering a highly successful lecture on "Burns and his Poetry."

— Mr. F. H. Underwood having concluded his story of "Bulls and Bears" in the June number of the *Atlantic*, improved the occasion to leave the provinces for a while and take a shy at the metropolis. The rumor that he is about to start a new monthly in Boston, called *The Hub of Creation, or All Round the Bay State*, is without foundation. If any such publication is started, it will be under the exclusive direction of Dr. O. W. Holmes.

Mr. John Savage has recovered a verdict of $238 against John P. Heiss of the Washington *States*, in a suit for arrears of salary. Mr. Heiss deducted fifty days' salary from Mr. Savage's account, for absence from duty at the office; but the Court sustained the plaintiff's claim. A letter from Mr. Savage, addressed to Mr. Heiss, was received in evidence, in which Mr. Savage argues that "a journalist is engaged for the general effect he can produce, and not by the day, like a paver on the highway;" accordingly the Court seems to have decided that the amount of "general effect" produced by the "untutored mind" of the aforesaid Savage was exactly $238.

— The Rev. Mr. Cuyler, having recently made a visit to the Brokers' Board in Wall street, has come to the conclusion that "a man ought to be a firm Christian "before he becomes a Stock-broker!" We should like to see Christianity "firm" at the Brokers' Board, once, if only to see what the effect of it would be upon the short-horned "Bulls" and the grizzly "Bears" of Wall street.

The Rev. Mr. Waddington will deliver his historical discourse on the "Martyr Church of Southwark, London," next Sunday evening, at the Tabernacle-church, corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

James Russell Lowell's Poem at the Morphy Banquet, Boston, May 31, 1859.

[Dr. O. W. Holmes in the Chair.]

As I rise, Mr. Autocrat, grim with despair,
And bow to you smiling complacently there,
May I ask, while I cant my drained mind for its dregs,
What's the good of a chair that tilts folks on their legs,
When they *feel*, from the top of their skulls to the floor,
As sure as a gimlet to turn out a bore?
Can I hope, fishing out my dried jokes from my pocket,
'Cause I rise like a stick, I may come down a rocket?

Has a man any right, who comes after some folks,
To dream of success with his verses or jokes?
Will Fancy's sprites aid him, or Thought's mining gnomes,
Who speaks after Emerson, rhymes after Holmes,
Two wizards from whom, if it had any sense,
An earthquake might learn how to bring down a house?
When Harvard has men here, *sarcasa* of such fame,
They'd give Nature a bishop and then win the game,
What can *I* hope to say, seeing those all around
On whose speech wisdom waits as the echo on sound,
Whose silence is not the dull thought-sleep of churls,
But the shell of the secret that's mother of pearls?
Is not Agassiz here, with his great dome of thought,
The State house where Nature's own statutes seem wrought,
Who, give but a scale, can construct you the shark,
That turned up his eddoing flaps at the Ark,
With a hope that his jaws, as they shut with a slam,
Might sandwich a leg or a shoulder of Ham,
And who'd make a green turtle (he talks so persuasively) rush off to pot for the good of his race?
Is not Pierce there beside him, whose soul is all ears,
For the rhythmical cadence of balancing spheres,
Who traces God's footprints on star-sands that beach
Lone gulfs of the Infinite half-thought's reach,
Who on night's golden rosary, planet impearled,
Tells his *ares* and *credos* each least bead a world,
And who, the first term of the problem but given,
Could predict every move on the chess-board of Heaven?

I confess, since you said to me "James, you'll be there,
And be ready to answer a call from the chair?"
I have tried my poor skull with perpetual scratch,
To as little avail as an old sulphur match,
The ingredient was wanting, whatever it is
(You know, Mr. Chairman) that goes with a fizz.
One should have a percussion-cap over his hair,
When come down on like this by old cocks in the chair,
To go off with a pop at the very first hint,
Nor wait to shake priming nor pick at the flint;
Whereas *my* brain's planned like an ancient queen's-arm
That thinks before starting and then does no harm,
Except to the lad who contrives to unhitch
The rusty old trigger and stands at the breach;
As we wards on compulsion are floored oftentimes
By the heavy recoil of our lead-laden rhymes.
Once I thought, "for a change in the programme, suppose,
You give them a bit of palaver in prose?
For, though morphine should chance to surcharge the oration,
'Twould be all the better and suit the occasion,'
But the muse jogged my elbow with counsel averse,
And, Weller-like, whispered me, "You can do worse."
So verse I've begun with, though where I bring up
Is a matter, at present, betwixt lip and cup;
I am more in the dark as to where I am bound
Than the good prophet, Jonah of old, when he found
He was being dead-headed (*sense* comfort, at least)
By the whale's alimentary canal, for the East—
First instance on record, and last, too, I guess,
Of the great Belly Transit performed with success.
Then what am I here for? I came with the rest,
To take a good stare at our eminent guest,
For we've an owl's notion, that looks make us wise,
As if wit, like potatoes, were bred by the eyes;
Besides, I had also some right to expect
Met-a-Morphy-sis here which I would not neglect;
I might come as a bore, and believe me a scion
Of the lion's own stock if I drink with the lion.

A true dinner-speech, I conceive, is a way
Of gracefully having your nothing to say,
And when you have said it, of knowing 'tis said,
And so without bother just shutting your head;
I know I've said mine, and will give up the ghost
After one little mouthful of rhyme-buttered toast.

I give you the men, wheresoe'er born and bred,
Who win in the tough race of life by a head,
Who prove the time's coming, howe'er far away,
When the forehead that's broadest will carry the day,
And chiefly our guest, who has shown that the wreath
Need not turn us so often, the head underneath,
That a poison of jealousy, meanness, or quarrel,
Is not always distilled from the leaves of the laurel,
I give you the man who can think out and dare
His bloodless Marengos on twelve inches square,
Yet as modest, the conquered all feel that they meet
With a Morphy—and not mortifying defeat.

— The following Parody on Tennyson's (or Tupper's) "War" is from the *Evening Post*, and, for that journal, is good:

BY THE POET LAUREATE "IN A HORN."

There is a sound of thunder afar,
A mountain of kegs that darkens the day,
Storm of lager and thunder of car,
Well it is rolling on this way.
Storm; storm; Lagermen form;
Ready, be ready to meet the storm;
Lagermen, around the table form.

Be not deaf to the sound that warns,
Be not gull'd by a temperance plea,
Is brandy of rye, or ale of corn?
How can a Dutchman on lager beer spree?
Form; form; Lagermen form;
Ready, be ready to drink when drawn;
Lagermen, around the table form.

Let your pipes for a moment go,
Look to the betts and take your mugs,
Better a stinking bowl or so,
Than dire confusion and empty jugs.
Form; form; Lagermen form;
Ready, be ready to drink when drawn;
Lagermen, around the table form.

Form, be ready to drink or die,
Form in Temperance's name and the laws;
True in the "Act" we have an ally,
But the devil alone knows whence its flaws.
Form; form; Lagermen form;
Ready, be ready to drink when drawn;
Lagermen, around the table form.

— At the late session of the Des Moines (Iowa) Conference of the United Brethren, it was "Resolved, that "we recommend those sisters who have grace and abil-"ity to preach, to act as co-laborers with us." According to this action Phebe Benton and Elizabeth Frankhouse were granted recommendations as preachers.

— Our Brooklyn readers will please take notice that the Elm Place Congregational Society, of Brooklyn, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, will open their new Tabernacle in Fulton avenue, corner of Hoyt street, on Sunday next.

— The wife of a sea-captain in England, lately died in consequence of the return of her husband after an absence of seven years. The papers say "from joy."

— *The Napoleon* (Ark.) *Planter* publishes the following card from a deserted husband:

Whereas, matilda pinkham, my whife, has left my bed and bord, and who so ever will bring her back shall be sutybel rewarded, let it be more or less. She has chesnut cullered hare, lite blue ies, lite skin, shuse of a small size, find her du or her muther will be distracted, age 28, richard pinkham, of madbury. If you can find out anything about her, send a lettur to darean postoess of new hampshire, she went away the 9 of nowember 1842, before she was married her name was matilda hill the darter of ezra hill and hanner hill of alton.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending June 4, 1859.

Thoughts on Educational Topics and Institutions. By George S. Boutwell. 12mo., pp. 365. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1859.

Sabbath Talks with Little Children on the Psalms of David. By the author of "The Mothers of the Bible," etc. 18mo., pp. 147. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The Mothers of the Bible. By Mrs. S. G. Ashton. With an Introductory Essay, by Rev. A. L. Stone. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast." 12mo., pp. 288. Boston: Ticknor & Fields 1859.

History of Charles XII. By M. de Voltaire. With a Life of Voltaire, by Lord Brougham, and Critical Notices, by Lord Macaulay, and Thomas Carlyle. Edited by O. W. Wight, A.M. 12mo., pp. 452. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal. A New Translation; with Historical Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Thomas M'Crie. Preceded by a Life of Pascal, a Critical Essay, and a Biographical Notice. Edited by O. W. Wight, A.M. 12mo., pp. 470. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

Wyandotte; or, The Hunted Knoll. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings, by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo., pp. 523. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

The Crayon. Vol. VI., No. 6. June 1859. New York: W. Hollingsworth.

The Chess Monthly. Edited by Paul Morphy and Daniel W. Fiske. Vol. III., No. 6. June 1859. New York: William C. Miller.

The Philosopy of Sentential Language; or, Language an Exact Science, Elucidated by rules based on the Principles of Mental Philosophy, designed to present the Science and Art of communicating Knowledge clearly and correctly, in Writing and Speaking. By D. H. Cruttenden, A.M., author of "The Series of Systematic Arithmetics," etc. 12mo., pp. 408. New York: C. Shepard & Co. 1859.

Summer Pictures: from Copenhagen to Venice. By Henry M. Field, author of "The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798." 12mo., pp. 291. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

All About It; or, The History and Mystery of Common Things. 12mo., pp. 360. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

Rambles Among Words, Their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By William Swinton. 12mo., pp. 302. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859.

Fortunes of Nigel. A Novel. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Bride of Lammermoor. A Novel. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Life of Martin Luther. By Chevalier Bunsen. With an Estimate of Luther's Character and Genius, by Thomas Carlyle, and an Appendix, by Sir William Hamilton. 18mo., pp. 250. New York: Dellsner & Procter.

The Great Concern; or, Man's Relation to God, and a Future State. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church, Boston. 12mo., pp. 235. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Eternal Truths. Preparation for Death, or considerations of the Eternal maxims, useful for all as Meditations, and serviceable to Priests for Sermons. By St. Alphonsus Maria De Ligrori, Bishop of St. Agatha, and founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Newly Translated from the Italian, and Edited by Robert A. Coffin, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. 12mo., pp. 284. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.

Dinsmore's Railroad and Steam-Navigation Guide for the United States and Canada. June 1859. New York: Dinsmore & Co.

The Little Pig Monthly. A Child's Magazine of Funny Tales, and Fairy Stories. Vol. I., No. 1. June 1859. New York: Dinsmore & Co.

Miller's New York as It Is; or, Stranger's Guide-Book to the Cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Adjacent Places. Comprising Notices of every Object of Interest to Strangers; including Public Buildings, Churches, Hotels, Places of Amusement, Literary Institutions, etc., with Map and Illustrations. New York: James Miller. 1859.

History of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton, N. J., from the First Settlement of the Town. By John Hall, D.D., member of the Presbyterian Historical Society, and of the Historical Societies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. 12mo., pp. 453. $1 50. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

The Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude. Preached and Explained. By Martin Luther, Wittemberg, 1523-4. Translated, with Preface and Notes, by E. H. Gillett. 12mo., pp. 336. $1. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

Tighe Lyfford. A Novel. 12mo., pp. 270. New York: James Miller.

Wells's New Map of Northern and Central Italy; showing the Seat of the War, the Position of the Armies, etc., etc. New York: J. G. Wells.

Acadia; or, A Month with the Blue Noses. By Frederic S. Cozzens, author of "Sparrowgrass Papers." 12mo., pp. 329. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

Rest and Unrest; or, The Story of a Year. By Cousin Kate (Catherine D. Bell), author of "Kenneth and Hugh," "Hope Campbell," "Horace and May," "Sidney Stuart," etc. 12mo., pp. 410. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1859.

Hatty and Marcus; or, First Steps in the Better Path. By Aunt Friendly, author of "Kate Darly; or, It will all Come Right." 12mo., pp. 97. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1859.

Kate Darly; or, "It will all Come right." By Aunt Friendly, author of "Hatty and Marcus," etc. 12mo., pp. 103. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1859.

The Grafted Trees; or, The Two Natures. By the author of "Good Shepherd," etc., etc. 12mo., pp. 92. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1859.

The Gleaners, and the Field which they Chose. By the author of "Goodly Cedars," "Pictures and Stories," etc. 12mo., pp. 123. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1859.

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ROBERT LE DIABLE.

First appearance at the Academy of Music of the Celebrated Cantatrice,

Madame PAULINE COLSON.

Madame Colson as Alice; Madame De Wilhorst as Isabella; Brignoli as Robert; Squires as Raimbaut; Junca as Bertram.

Important Notice.

Scale of the prices of admission during the Summer season:
Boxes, Dress Circle, and Parquet - - - - - $1 00
Reserved seats 50 cents extra.
Family Circle - - 50 cents | Gallery - - 25 cents.

CARD.

Mr. STRAKOSCH begs to express to the public his most grateful thanks for the extreme favor which has been shown to him on all sides since the commencement of his career in America, and in announcing the début of Mme. Cortesi, would say one or two words by way of explanation.

Mr. Strakosch has been accused (by a prominent metropolitan) of bad taste in his manner of announcing artists. Adopting for the moment the eccentric and somewhat inelegant language of the writer alluded to, the Director of the Academy of Music "blows his own trumpet." Mr. Strakosch feels called upon to say, in reply to this superfluous musical charge, that if to direct the attention of the public to the previous career and remarkable success of a great artist, is such a terrible crime, then he can only acknowledge his guilt without any hopes of future amendment or reparation.

It seems to the Manager not only right, but entirely proper, that he should take means to acquaint the public with the claims and qualifications of his artists. The public, absorbed in its own affairs, pays little or no heed to the movements of artists.

This, if fairly done, assists both the artist and the public. As an artist himself, Mr. Strak

MAY MORNING AFTER A STORM.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

The storm that o'er the moaning midnight reigned
A kingly sceptre bears.
Earth knows this morning that she entertained
An angel unawares.

All night the patriarch elm beside the gate
Was wrestling with the storm
That tossed his unclad limbs: a weary fate
For that old shivering form.

At morn, the angel's finger-prints were seen
Each quivering twig about.
He left his blessing where in tender green
New life had bourgeoned out.

And every roadside tree, in every leaf
Is glad for that wild night.
No drop on elm or willow hints of grief,
All sparkling with delight.

Through fragrant firs and shining linden-spray
Loiters the wakeful breeze:
While orioles round their swinging nest at play
Mock sunbeams in the trees.

The orchard-tops are white with balmy snow,
That falls in flakes of bloom.
In flashing curves, bright ringlets come and go
Across the pine-tree's gloom.

From the rich midmoss of budding woods
A cloud of perfume steals,
And sky and earth a rain of music floods
That inmost nature feels.

Why must you whisper, while the hues of Spring
Are on the air unfurled,
While light and perfume gladden everything,
"There's evil in the world!"

True, there are eyelids ever wet with tears,
Lips that no smiling know;
And hearts that only note their days and years
As finger-posts of woe.

True, rank and noisome sin on earth is found,
That tree of deadly fruit,
With viper-like remorse, that coils around
And hisses from its root.

There's evil in the world; and yet rejoice!
For good is also here.
O'er the mad elements resounds a voice
Of never-ending cheer.

"The only evil thou canst truly know
Is but of guilt, is thine!
All other gloom is but the soil where grow
The roots of life divine.

"If thou art shaken with the winds of heaven,
'T will prove thou art alive;
Unto the strong and upright soul 't is given
In struggling still to thrive.

"But if the grief that stains this lovely hour
Is for another's pain,
Bloom for that other's sake! life's perfect flower
Yields perfect seed again.

"Bloom out thy brightest! for a world of sin
Looks up thy light to see.
Its faith in heavenly truth may not begin
Till heaven has bloomed in thee.

"Sing with the birds and winds! from off his throne
Evil shall yet be hurled!
Thou grieving human spirit, hush thy moan,
For God is in the world!"

— *The Congregationalist.*

REPORT OF A SERMON

Preached before the Elm Street Congregational Church, Brooklyn, by Rev. William Alvin Bartlett.

There is no subject in the range of human thinking upon which men are so liable to form prejudiced opinions as religion; and no historical personage so intemperately and uncalmy judged of as Christ. I would that the billion inhabitants of this speckled planet could be arranged in a vast jury-box, bolted and barred from all inherited prejudices; with the iron door of forgetfulness barricaded against all early training, and that they might grasp the simple truths in the history and character of Jesus, and render a candid reply to this vastest of all interrogatories, "What think ye of Christ?" Around this question the world has sectarianized itself. Christians are not more tenacious of the original rock, than of the fungi of theological disputation that have clung to it. We are all reared under the shadow of some prejudice, and we come into maturity natural Congregationalists, or Unitarians, or Infidels. Now the ground-work of my theology, said the speaker, is that there are broad Christian principles of truth, which, properly understood, would give us a common platform; that we can prune our overgrown Church-trees of all bitter doctrinal discussion, and bonfire every dispute, and that the flames would carry on their pinions the bane of Christian harmony.

Will you sit as unprejudiced jurors to-night and try this question upon its merits alone? "What think ye of Christ?" Who was he? I will tell you. The speaker here made a plain historical statement, such as no sect of Christians could object to, of Christ's birth, life, and death. He was introduced by John as the predicted personage that all Israel had been looking for, and all heathenism desired. He communicated truths that nations never before listened to; he performed works that no man ever did; he lived a life unparalleled for purity and consistency, and was crucified in vindication of the truths she taught. Wise men predicted speedy oblivion to him and his opinions, but the nations would not let him die. However they may have been engaged in civil feuds, or international wars, they have all found time to discuss this Jesus, and amid all the conflicts of the ages, amidst the devastation and carnage of most human things, he has been remembered, studied, loved; and to-day, 1800 years from his cross, there is no name so well known upon the earth, no person whose sayings are so treasured. His truths have been perverted by his professed followers. I believe if they had been left with the people they would have been better preserved. The Surgeon's Convention, at London, once gravely discussed the question, "Whether their science had cured as many people as it had killed?" Can we not apply the question to religious teachers? Look at the history of Priestcraft. Even this side of the crucifixion, it is one track of blood. The Church has to be reformed by outsiders. Old Luther, who made the first incision into the Church corruptions, and purified the world, was a heretic to the old orthodoxy. Men do not need priests to teach them creeds; they want to be educated to make their own from the Bible. Well, somehow or other, the world has become bewitched with the notion that this plain Jew is connected in some way with the next life; that he was the clue to eternity,—and though kingdoms have united in the attempt to burn out or bleed out the name of Jesus from the recollection of humanity, yet each fagot has been a pillar of fire for posterity to walk by, and each tear, a river to bear down his memory. It behooves us to turn eagerly and seriously to our interrogative, "What think ye of Christ?" Says one, "*I* think He was a man. His advent was that of common humanity; He increased in wisdom and stature. Some have thought Him a mere human machine, lived in by Deity, like a sun entombed in a mountain and shining through its crevices. This would destroy His real humanity. He hungered and thirsted; He wept over a dead friend and over a sin-stricken city; He shuddered from suffering with all the instincts of a mortal. There is not a sinless feeling that ever racked a human breast but what He manifested it well—Christ is man."

"What think ye of Christ?" "*I* think," says another, "He was God,"—here followed a strong argument for the Divinity of Christ, drawn from the Bible as a history, setting aside the question of "Inspiration." 1st. He proves Himself so in the context. 2d. The names of God are applied to Him by all the New Testament writers. 3d. The attributes of God are ascribed to Him; add to this all those passages that blaze out upon almost every Apostolic page, showing their entire confidence in Christ for time and eternity. If you believe those authentic narrators, you cannot deny the Godhead of the Son; we can say, then, Christ is God."

"What think ye of Christ?" Most arguments against Trinitarianism have wasted themselves in trying to annihilate three-god-ism—to all of which any Trinitarian can say "Amen;" for God's unity is as sacred a fact as His Trinity. "But not to touch upon mooted points at all," said the speaker, "let me express the great common facts in those diversified fractions of belief. I believe He was Saviour—that's all, just a Saviour. The consciousness of mankind in all ages, and ours to-day, testifies that we are alienated from the infinite purity. Call it the 'Fall' or what you will. The race have ever been restless, self-condemned, and ever looking for this being who is to restore them. The first whisper we hear of humanity is in pursuit of Him, and the last words proclaim Him found. It is claimed by most, that He has already come. Which one of all the great and mighty is He? I read of worthies who lived and suffered for their countrymen in the dim of history, yet they are made monstrous by some glaring faults—I read how David sung, yet oh! how he sinned—of Moses, the law-giver, and of the long line of prophets and good men; of all the shadowy heroes of Mythology, yet their spirits and their basest passions were so mingled, that I turn from them with disgust. Was it the old Greek hero who taught so like an inspiration, and who died so like a martyr? Was it Socrates? I hope not, for his private life is marred with the saddest vices. Where shall we turn? Why, this Christ has some wonderful coincidence hanging around His appearing. All preconceived notions find their fulfillment in Him, and since His advent, the whole race have naturally crystallised around Him.

He must be the Saviour that longing humanity have looked for. A man had not been promised—a God had not, but a Saviour had. Call Him a Saviour, and stop there; if you are not bold enough to grasp His manhood and His Godhood, call Him *your* Saviour, and you may forget all theological fights. I, said the speaker, would admit people into churches on this alone. Do you accept Christ as your Saviour? I would that all our pugnacious sects could wear out their aggressive weaponry, and just lie down together and love the Saviour. Call Him that, and all discussion is hushed forever. Take Him as the complete ideal of your life: study His history, and tell me if it does not even surpass your loftiest imaginings of earthly virtue. Does He not supplement, and sublimate the great and good? He was not a national, but a world's Saviour.

If I can get your impartial verdict, to-night, that Christ is the Saviour, I will not quarrel with you if you think Him man or God, or neither or both. Human language always breaks down under the weight o Christ's perfections; words are too tawdry and superficial to even shadow his true majesty. He must be the Saviour of the world, else we are Saviourless. He claims it, and brings all human history to substantiate Him, and challenges all coming time, aye, eternity to refute. He goes back of birth, and unravels the mystery of the original beginnings. He sweeps through time, and in the light of His trail all the riddles of humanity are dissolved; He plunges on into the life to come, and shows us the Omega, as well as the Alpha of human destiny. He is as the sun in the heavens, shedding light on the sublimest truths, yet Himself shrouded by His own glory—a mystery. Oh, my friends, as we see this sin-cursed earth, famishing for such a Saviour, as we hear that march of the dead and dying, ever in long procession, going to the land of shadows without a Christ, let us rise and embrace the whole human family in a broad Christianity, show to the world their Saviour. Faith in Him as a Saviour is all you need; and then, when we go home, to be with Him forever triumphing in the power of His great salvation, we shall see all mysteries fade away as we raise our everlasting shout of "Glory, Glory, Glory be to Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever."

THE CLAQUEURS OF PARIS.

It might be supposed that we have already enumerated all persons whose employments are influenced by the drama in Paris. We have, however, omitted to mention a numerous and important body of accessories, indispensable to the profession in every country, but in Paris constituting several disciplined and organised regiments, each under the command of a chef, sous-chef, brigadier chef d'attaque, or by whatever names the subordinate officers may be designated. This power ful force, known at Paris under the title of La Claque, or, as they are often styled in theatrical phrase, Les Romains, may number about 2,000 strong.

The twenty-two theatres of Paris are garrisoned by forces under the command of four chiefs, who act by deputy on unimportant occasions. In the small theatres, and when a play is established, the person who acts for the chef within the theatre is styled, le chef d'attaque. It is his business to regulate and direct the approbation, while the office of sous-chef consists in bringing the men together, and in recruiting at the rendezvous, which is generally one of the neighboring wine shops. It is also his duty to pay the forces at the rate of a franc a head per night, he himself receiving a fixed salary from his superiors. The numbers employed in any theatre differ from circumstances. In the Théatre de Drame and Cirque Impérial, from 150 to 300 are often in action at once, a proportion of these being often engaged by individual performers for their special benefit.

Whatever may be the origin of the appellation Romains, it is certain that the Romans of the play-house are, to a great extent, the masters of the dramatic world. Without the claque, the success of a new piece or a performer on his first appearance, would depend upon the caprice of the audience of the moment, sometimes indeed upon the favor or enmity of some chance individuals. With author, manager, and actors, the chef de claque is always a man of importance. At the reading of the play the manager receives from him valuable hints as to whether it is likely to take with the public, and if it is accepted by the manager, the author is often indebted to him for valuable emendations. Before appearing in his own sphere of action, he has already attended the rehearsals, and has conned over with the author the hits and situations; and his copy of the play is marked where the telling passages are supposed to occur. His lieutenants and subordinates, adroitly distributed in the rear of the pit and in the gallery, take from him their cue, while he himself acts, not always from previous study, but occasionally on the spur of the moment, checking or redoubling his approbation in obedience to the current of public feeling, which the claque, like the newspaper press of England, seeks at once both to lead and to follow. On the second and subsequent nights of the performance, the chef often sees much to alter from the original plan of attack.

The chef de claque, though as regularly attached to the principal theatre as any other employé, receives no salary from the manager. His gains from every other quarter render him quite independent of such assistance. Through him the author is well with the manager, and the actor with the public. "*Vous ferez un tic, ou une telle, ce soir,*" addressed to his troup, means that the individual performer hinted at has acted towards him liberally. Nothing is more observable in the dramatic world of Paris than that artists who have a reputation to make, march forward to fame with a slower and more hesitating step, if they have not wherewith to remunerate the claque: while many, who have more means than genius, especially actresses, often sustain themselves before the public mainly by the aid of their Roman friends.

It is not only from this intellectual position in the theatrical world that the chef de claque is a man of weight. He is also not unfrequently more wealthy than either manager, author, or actors. Should an author be in difficulties, and from having already forestalled the profits of his profession, should not be in a situation to await the remuneration which his play may eventually return him, the chef de claque advances him money upon the strength of his prospects. At other times, especially during the Summer heats, and when full houses become a matter of speculation, the chef purchases the entire receipts from the manager, thus securing him from loss. When you arrive in the bureau de location, you are told that all the places are already disposed of, upon which an employé of the chef, who is in waiting outside the theatre, kindly offers you a box or a stall for nearly double its current price. It may easily be supposed that such a brilliant position as that of chef de claque is not acquired at once. In the generality of cases, the chef, like the French colonels, rises from the ranks.

It should be observed that, besides the regular force marshalled at any particular theatre, there exist certain half-professional claquers, who undertake to throw in their aid on condition of being admitted to tolerable seats at half price. These persons are, in theatrical phrase, termed solitaires, from the circumstance of their sitting detached from the main body of the claque. They are usually of an education superior to the ordinary claquer, who is a mere tool in the hand of his leader; whereas the solitaire has a genuine feeling for the play. He is also, as is expected of him, a better dressed man.

Some years ago, the idea occurred to the manager of a theatre of suppressing the claque, but it was found that, instead of one well-regulated claque, expressing in an orderly way the general opinion of the public, there were several contradictory and conflicting claques instigated by private influences. The several performers, being deprived of their legitimate supporters, took the law into their own hands, and established institutions each for his own special benefit. A silent house is a dead weight upon the back of a theatrical artist, and so much is the want of applause felt in the formally fashionable French theatre in London, that the actresses, by way of obtaining a sham tribute, agree amongst themselves to throw bouquets upon the stage from the boxes. The applause of a good, hearty, well-appointed claque excites not only the players, but also the listless audience, which latter, however valuable to the manager, is not always of such immediate consequence to the artist.—*Westminster Review.*

FOUNTAIN OF NATURAL GAS.

The *Detroit Advertiser* of the 23d ult., has the following communication:

"During a late tour through Western Canada, I visited some curious wells, which had been dug during the past season. They are in the township of Howard, about 15 miles Southeasterly from Chatham, and two of them are about 200 yards apart. They were dug of the ordinary size, about 80 feet, and then bored about 50 feet more, when a stream of gas rushed up suddenly, with a roaring sound that could be heard a furlong distant. A man ventured into one of the wells, but was suffocated with the vapor and fell to the bottom. Another man was lowered to save him, but was obliged to withdraw twice before he succeeded in fastening a rope to the body of the first, who was dead when withdrawn.

"A tube long enough to reach above the top of the ground, was made and driven into the hole, and the well bricked up. It soon filled with water to within about ten feet of the top, the gas escaping through the tube, and the water clear and without any bad taste. But in a short time the gas commenced rising through the water, which it keeps in a constant state of ebullition as in a kettle over a brisk fire; the water rising near one side of the well, and rolling towards the other side—and having very much the appearance of dirty soapsuds. No smell is apparent at the top of the well, and the water when drawn from it soon settles, and becomes clear and pleasant to the taste.

"The other well exhibted nearly the same phenomena, and as they were unwilling to risk life in it, has been filled with earth, but the gas still rises through the mud, and has formed for itself three apertures, or craters, at the surface, the largest being of oval shape, 10 by 18 inches in diameter, the bottom being mud, about the consistence of thick batter, and the gas rises through it in bubbles with such force as to throw blotches of mud upwards and outwards a distance full four feet. I saw it only in the daytime, but was told that it could be ignited with a match, and that it would burn for a long time.

"A friend who has since visited it writes thus: 'I think it the grandest sight I ever saw. We visited it about midnight. We saw the light some time before we reached the house, and were informed that the gas had ignited of itself or by means unknown to the family. There are three openings in the top of the well, the largest about the size of a pail. From the largest ascends a flame about three feet high, which burns very clear, and as bright as a heap of shavings. From the other apertures the flame was smaller, but equally bright, and all over the surface of the well are cracks through which issues a flame resembling burning sulphur.'

"About seven miles from Chatham there is another well dug in the same manner as the above described, which exhibits nearly the same phenomena, and in which, although the water in and above the clay is very hard, the water is as soft as rain water, and is drawn to quite a distance in Summer, by the neighbors, for washing purposes. The gas in this well has been on fire several weeks at a time."

— The Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, delivers the annual address before the Literary Societies of Antioch College, at its next Commencement in June.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 4, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

The New and the Old; or, California and India in Romantic Aspects. By J. W. Palmer, M.D., author of "Up and Down the Irrawaddi." Illustrated. Muslin, 12mo. $1,25. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

NOVELS, ETC.

Tighe Lyfford. A Novel. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth. $1. New York: James Miller.

A Bachelor's Story. A Book of Love, Philosophy, Sentiment, and Humor. By Oliver Bunce. 1 vol. 12mo. muslin. $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Wyandotte; or, The Hutted Knoll. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. Crown 8vo. pp. 523. Cloth beveled. $1,50. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Public and Private History of Napoleon III. With Biographical Notices of his most Distinguished Ministers, Generals, and Favorites. By Samuel M. Smucker, A.M., author of "Court and Reign of Catharine II.," "Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia," "Life of Alexander Hamilton," etc. Embellished with Steel Portraits by Mr. Sartain. 12mo. pp. 400. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

Memoir of John Griscom, LL.D., late Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. With an Account of the New York High School Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, the House of Refuge, and other Institutions. Compiled from an Autobiography and other Sources. By John H. Griscom, M.D. 8vo. pp. 427. $2. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

RELIGIOUS.

Lectures on the First Two Visions of the Book of Daniel. By the Rev. William Newton, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, West Chester, Pa. 12mo. 75cts. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

The Life and Sermons of the Rev. Daniel Baker, D.D., of Texas. In Uniform Binding. 3 vols. 12mo. $3,25. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

The Great Concern; or, Man's Relation to God and a Future State. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D. 12mo. cloth. 85cts. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

History of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton, N. J., from the first Settlement of the Town. By John Hall, D.D., Member of the Presbyterian Historical Society, and of the Historical Societies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. 12mo. pp. 453. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

POETRY.

Igdrasil; or, The Tree of Existence. A New Volume of Poems. By James Challen. On Tinted Paper. $1. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

LEGAL.

Laws of New York, Passed at the Eighty-Second Session of the Legislature, begun January 4th and ended April 19th, 1859, in the city of Albany. New York: Banks & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hints Toward Physical Perfection; or, The Philosophy of Human Beauty. Showing how to Acquire and Retain Bodily Symmetry, Health, and Vigor, Secure Long Life, and Avoid the Infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. Jacques. Illustrated with Twenty Plates and numerous Woodcuts. Muslin, gilt. $1. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Ancient Mineralogy; or, An Inquiry Respecting Mineral Substances mentioned by the Ancients, with Occasional Remarks on the Uses to which they were Applied. By N. F. Moore, LL.D., late President of Columbia College. A New and Revised Edition. 16mo. muslin. 60cts. New York: Harper & Bros.

History of the Gift-Book Business; or, The Gift-Book Business Explained and Exposed. $1. New York: J. S. Andrews.

Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases Usually Regarded as Peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett, Esq. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. 1 vol. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Contributions to the Palæontology of New York: Being some of the Results of Investigations made during the Years 1855, '56, '57, and '58. Paper, pp. 18. With Woodcuts. New York: B. Westermann & Co.

Miller's New York As It Is; or, Strangers' Guide-Book to the Cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Adjacent Places. Comprising Notices of every object of Interest to Strangers, including Public Buildings, Churches, Hotels, Places of Amusement, Literary Institutions, etc. With Map and Illustrations. 50 cents. New York: James Miller.

ENGLISH.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E., M.W.S. of Woodville. By James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S. 8vo., cloth. 7s. 6d. London: James Nisbet & Co.

HISTORY.

The History of Europe. Vol. VIII. From the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. pp. 908, and Index Volume, pp. 320; price together, 22s. 6d. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

NOVELS, ETC.

Robert Mornay. A Novel. By Max Ferrer. London: Chapman & Hall.

ART.

The Principles of Beauty, as Manifested in Nature, Art, and Human Character. By Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. Edited by C. C. Hankin. Post 8vo. London: Longman.

Mr. Ruskin's Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Royal Academy, and Other Exhibitions, for 1859. In 8vo. 1s. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The Two Paths. Being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. By John Ruskin, M.A., author of "Modern Painters," etc. Crown 8vo., with two Steel engravings. 7s. 6d., cloth. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

MEDICAL.

On the Nature and Treatment of Diseases of the Heart. By James Wardrop, M.D., Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, etc. A New Edition, carefully Revised, with considerable Additions, and a Copious Index. 8vo., pp. 185. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

POETRY.

The Mutineers. A Poem. By John M'Gilchrist, M.D. Crown 8vo. 5s. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Day and Night Songs, and the Music Master: a Love Story. By William Allingham. With Pre-Raphaelite Woodcuts. 5s. London: Routledge.

Judith; and other Poems. By Francis Mills, M.R.C.S.L. 5s. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Friendship; and other Poems. By Hibernicus. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Love-Letters of Eminent Persons. Edited by Charles Martel. Comprising Letters of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Princess (afterwards Queen) Elisabeth, Lord Grey and Lady Henrietta Berkeley, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Pope, Dean Swift, Laurence Sterne, Mrs. Piozzi, Mdlle. Aussé, Burns and Clarinda, Lord Nelson, Napoleon I., Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray, Goethe and Bettine, Klopstock and Meta, Marianna Alcoforada, Heloise and Abelard, Mdlle. de Lespinasse, Ninon de l'Enclos, etc., etc. 1s. 6d. London: William Lay.

England and her Soldiers. By Harriet Martineau. Crown 8vo., with three Illustrative Diagrams. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The British Tortrices. By S. J. Wilkinson. 8vo., with Plates. 25s. London: John Van Voorst.

FRENCH.

Elle et lui; par George Sand. In-18 jésus, 316 p. 3 fr. 50c.

La Néerlande et la vie hollandaise; par Alphonse Esquiros. 2 vol. in-18 jésus, 727 p. 6 fr.

Historique de la franc-maçonnerie à l'Orient de Besançon depuis 1764. Impression autorisée par le grand-maître en son conseil, dans sa séance du 28 février 1859. In-8°, 197 p.

Quatre chapitres inédits sur la Russie; par le comte Joseph de Maistre, publiés par son fils, le comte Rodolphe de Maistre. La liberté. La science. La religion. L'illuminisme. In-8°, vii-197 p.

Daniel Manin; par H. Martin, précédé d'Un souvenir de Manin; par Ernest Legouvé, de l'Académie française. In-8°, xxiv-423 p. 6 fr.

Quinze ans du règne de Louis XIV (1700-1715); par E. Moret. T. 1er. In 8°, 418 p.

Essai historique et critique sur l'invention de l'imprimerie; par C. Paeille, bibliothécaire et archiviste de la ville de Lille. In-8°, 286 p. et facsimile.

Mémoires, souvenirs et anecdotes; par le comte de Ségur, de l'Académie française. Correspondance et pensées du prince de Ligne, avec avantpropos et notes, par M. F. Barrière. 2 vol. in-18 jésus, xii-864 p.

Description historique des monnaies frappées sous l'empire romain, communément appelées médailles impériales; par Henry Cohen. T. 1er. Grand in-8°, xxvii-484 p.

Recherches sur les météores et sur les lois qui les régissent; par M. Coulvier-Gravier. In-8°, xxvi-372 p. 10 fr.

Correspondance et souvenirs de voyages; par M. Jullien. In-12, 214 p.

Question de probabilité résolue par la géométrie; par M. Foudra, officier supérieur d'état-major, et M. Hossard, lieutenant-colonel d'état-major. In-8°, 27 p. 2 fr.

L'Individualisme normal, ses défenseurs, ses adversaires et ses progrès depuis vingt ans; par E. de Pressensé. In-8°, 47 p.

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